
Sports Illustrated
AUGUST 21, 1961
25 CENTS
THE BEST GIRL GOLFER
Judy Torluemke



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acrylic fiber

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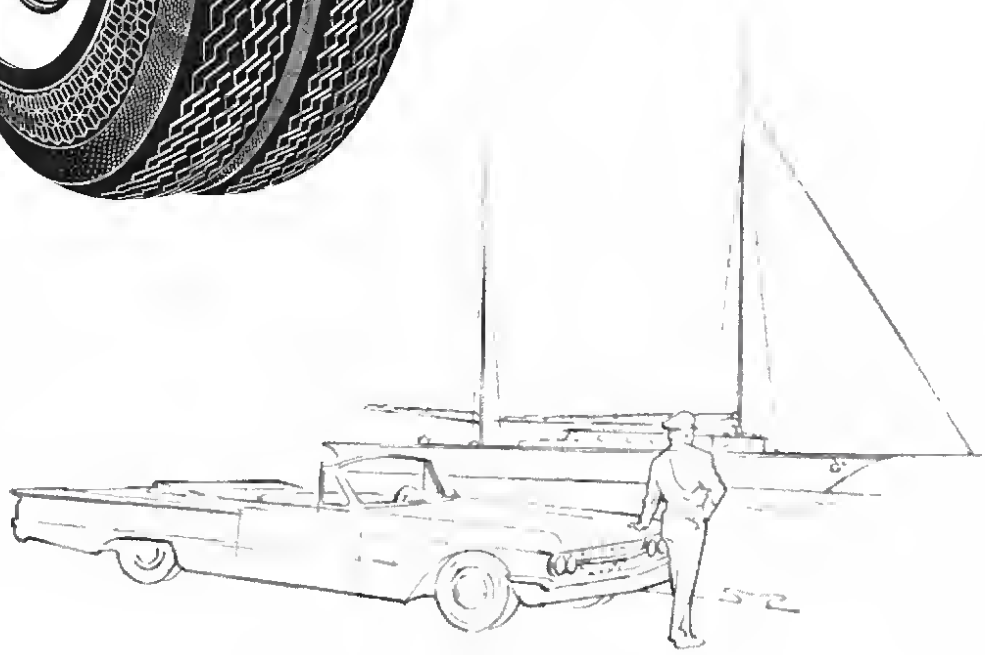


If only he had obeyed the stop sign—

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THE GENERAL DUAL 90

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly by TIME Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill., except one issue at year end. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class matter by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. U.S. and Canadian subscriptions $6.75 a year. This issue published in national and separate editions. Additional pages of separate editions numbered or allowed for as follows: eastern E1–E12; midwest, M1–M8; western, W1–W8.

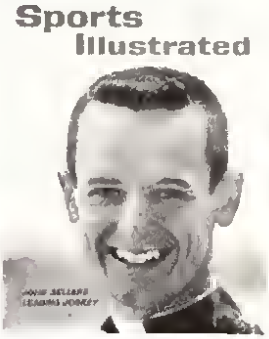
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Next week

A golden giant of a fish lurks in the mists of the Western Hemisphere's greatest waterfall. A report on Brazil's Iguaçu Falls, on the fishing there and on a charming country.

No game is more misunderstood by Americans than cricket. Roy Terrell, a baseball writer, visited England and found this stately old game can be hard and fast and fascinating.

Johnny Sellers first won fame as the jockey who rode Carry Back. This year he has become Thoroughbred racing's leading rider. His story includes his plan to retire at the age of 30.



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SCORECARD

RACE TO ORGANIZE

The International Brotherhood of Teamsters is hardly a sporting institution, judging by its past performances. But it is exhibiting an ever-greater desire to share the wealth of sports performers and promoters. It is now proposing to form a new Federation of Professional Athletes, which would organize all branches of professional sports in this country.

This is a somewhat grandiose expansion of an earlier Teamster move—the effort by Local 917 to organize backstretch employees at New York Thoroughbred race tracks. That petered out temporarily, but the Teamsters threaten to renew their offensive when racing returns from Saratoga to New York City on August 28.

Last week the Teamsters moved into the stock car racing field, with the assistance of Curtis Turner, a top stock car driver. Some two months ago Turner lost executive control of the Charlotte (N.C.) Motor Speedway, Inc., and he would like to get it back—reportedly with the help of a Teamsters union loan. He met recently in Chicago with several other stock car drivers Harold J. Gibbons, Jimmy Hoffa's executive vice-president who seems to be in charge of sports organizing, and Nick Torzeski, another subordinate.

Turner contends that race drivers should get bigger purses, have a pension fund and share in television and radio rights. The Teamsters hold out vague promises of further, undefined benefits if only the men will sign up. Bill France, president of the National Association for Stock Car Auto Racing and a former teammate of Turner, says no union driver will ever race on a NASCAR track. France adds: "I'll plow up my race track and plant corn on the infield before I'll let the Teamsters union or any other union tell me how to run my business." Very brave, but is it very smart?

Proprietors of sports that are also businesses cannot reasonably expect to be treated except as businessmen operating in 1961 social conditions. Refusal to see themselves in that light invites intervention from outside—and sometimes malodorous—sources.

THE INSIDE TRACK

• A secret (until now) meeting of the Presidents of the Athletic Association of Western Universities (Stanford, California, USC, UCLA and Washington) will be held September 2 to consider reforming the old Pacific Coast Conference.

• A rash of jockey suspensions in the last three weeks (11 jockeys have been set down 13 times) has top California riders accusing stewards of making hasty judgments and imposing penalties for minor infractions.

• Jimmie Snyder, oddsmaker for the Hollywood Sports Service, makes Mickey Mantle a 7-to-10 favorite to hit 60 or more homers, Roger Maris an even bet. Snyder also finds the Yanks 1-to-6 favorites to win in the American League, and the Dodgers 1–3 in the National.

THE BIG STORY

Not since 1951, when the New York Giants rallied from 13½ games behind to win the National League pennant, has the sporting press been presented with such a natural, continuing story as the current drive of both Roger Maris and Mickey Mantle to surpass Babe Ruth's highly respected record of 60 home runs in one season.

Last week both major wire services were constantly on the scene with reporters and cameras. The Associated Press serviced pictures of practically every move Mantle made in the field, and United Press International photographed the mayor of Maris' home town (Fargo, N. Dak.) dedicating a Maris Avenue. Shouldn't it, asked a caption writer, be called Maris Drive? Almost every paper was printing a chart comparing Maris and Mantle to Ruth, and some of the more imaginative sports editors used diagrams (*see below*).

New York's evening tabloid, the *Post*, printed a five-part series entitled *A Man Named Maris*, which told readers that Rog loves delicatessen food, that he is a "throwback to Superman" and that "his green eyes soften when he discusses his attachment for his mother, father, brother and how he misses his wife, Patricia, and the three children."

The Tokyo morning paper *Hochi Shimbun* planned a story on the M boys. The *Chicago Sun-Times* published close-up pictures of Mantle's eyes ("Mantle's eyes have it") and his hands ("Mighty Mickey's grip") as well as of Maris' eyes and hands ("These eyes and hands strike terror in hearts of American League pitchers"). Outside Yankee Stadium, hucksters were peddling a publication named *Mickey Mantle* that said, "Thrilling new photos." The publication had not been updated since 1957, but the price had been updated from 35¢ to 50¢, the old price being obliterated with a tiny gold sticker that said "N.Y. YANKEES, YANKEE STADIUM, N.Y."



BAD RIDE

Eddie Arcaro, horse racing's diplomat with a whip, was the subject of an hour television show last week on CBS' Summer Sports Spectacular. The show was entitled *Eddie Arcaro—Little Giant.* Arcaro, of course, is a perfect subject for a television documentary, for he possesses marvelous facial expressions, a good speaking voice and strong opinions on everything from the closing Dow-Jones averages to the opening of a Broadway show.

The best thing about Arcaro is the way he affects people and is affected by them. The wise-cracking banter of America's railbirds is constantly directed at Arcaro, and at times it approaches art. When Arcaro walked into Belmont Park a week after his near-fatal spill from Black Hills in the 1959 Belmont Stakes he was greeted at the gate by a clump of horseplayers who applauded him loudly. One hollered, "Eddie, it's great to have ya back, ya bum ya."

After three days of interviewing Arcaro and four days of shooting film with six cameras, CBS managed to put on a tired, repetitious hour that failed to demonstrate Arcaro's skills or the esteem in which he is held by his fellow riders as well as owners and trainers. The show relied too heavily on film footage and never gave the viewer the feeling that Arcaro was capable of doing anything besides riding horses for a living.

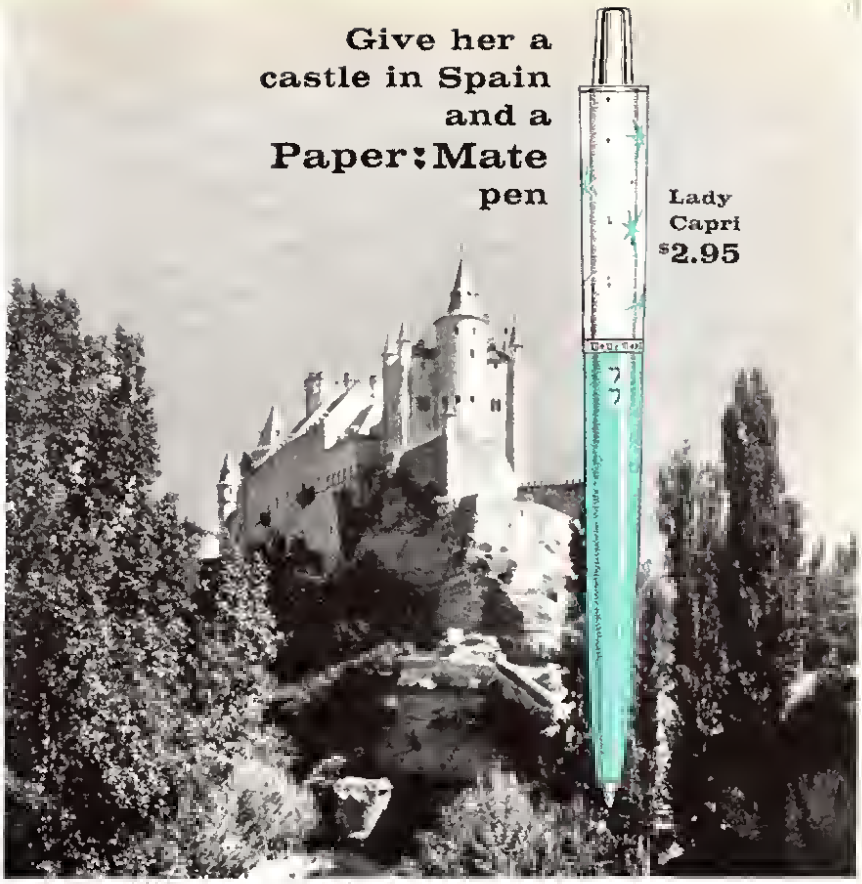
THE TASTEMAKERS

At the request of the Federal Trade Commission, Mickey Mantle agreed last week to stop publicly recommending a brand of milk that he didn't drink. This led Jules Alberti, the president of Endorsements, Inc., to announce that "better than 95% of the testimonials used in advertising today are true." Frank Scott, a well-known athletes' agent, felt impelled to add that performers would never endorse products that they themselves do not use.

It is reassuring to know that when Charlie Conerly is lounging around in those Marlboro ads, his TRIG deodorant will keep him from offending; that former champion Bob Richards thrives on the "Breakfast of Champions"; that Don Drysdale never has greasy hair and can show you a clean comb to prove it; that Jimmy Jones rubbed Iron Liege's ankles with Absorbine; that someday Frank Gifford, Bob Cousy and Ken Venturi, all wearing their Jantzen sportswear, may run into the entire Tottenham Hotspur

continued

Give her a castle in Spain and a Paper:Mate pen



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soccer team in *their* Adidas sports shoes; that Gordie Howe, Dick Groat and Warren Spahn keep their gums active with Wonder Bread; and that Yogi Berra drinks Yoo-Hoo chocolate beverage when he's got his mask off.

One last question: does Mickey Mantle always cross at the corner (SI, Aug. 14)?

DON'T MOVE THE HAMBO

Harness racing's premier event, the Hambletonian, again approaches, and again there is talk of putting the race up for auction to the highest-bidding track. Promoters in New York, Massachusetts and the Midwest are preparing cash offers to be made to the Hambletonian Society directors at their meeting in Du Quoin, Ill. at the end of this month.

We want to repeat to the directors what we said last year: the quickest way to cheapen this classic is to move it from track to track, depending on where the most money can be made. At Du Quoin, on Don and Gene Hayes's beautiful fairgrounds track and against the background of a magnificent state fair, the Hambletonian is right at home. It belongs in this rural almosphere and in the care of devoted sportsmen like the Hayeses. We hope it stays there a long time.

HARDLY CRICKET

Last week Representative H. R. Gross (R., Iowa) got up on the floor of the House to express opposition to a measure that would permit qualified members of the armed forces to accept nongovernment scholarships for study here and abroad.

"A graduate of West Point by the name of Pete Dawkins, a football star," said Congressman Gross, "has been for two years allegedly studying at Oxford University in London [*sic*]. He has never served a day in the military service since he was graduated from the Academy, but has been playing cricket and said to be studying at Oxford University. Only recently his period of study was extended for another year. Apparently it will be three years before this Dawkins gives anything in the way of military service to his country. Is this bill designed to encourage that sort of thing?"

"This Dawkins" has other claims to distinction besides "allegedly studying at Oxford University." He was Army's 1958 All-America halfback. He was first captain of cadets and brigade commander at West Point, where he was also president of his class. He won a Rhodes Scholarship and, during his two years at Oxford (which is in Oxford, not London), Dawkins has been studying politics, economics and philosophy. He has played not only cricket a crime in Iowa?—but also has successfully tried his hand at Rugby and ice hockey in England.

Of late years it has been considered important for future leaders of our armed forces to be well-grounded in a variety of important subjects. Pete Dawkins was a credit to his country at West Point and honors it at Oxford, where he is learning things about other nations that ought to help him contribute to the welfare of his own. Mr. Gross's remarks are plain silly, although their isolationist tenor does have the nostalgic charm (faint) of a bygone age.

THE MOST HAPPY PITCHER

As a part of its slow metamorphosis from a passionate conflict of personalities into a faceless game played by faceless players, baseball has adopted as its 11th commandment: Thou shalt not show emotion.

The player who hits a homer runs the bases nonchalantly, his face a study in professional ennui; he barely taps the outstretched hands of the next batter and the bat boy and waits until he reaches the privacy of the dugout before allowing that forbidden expression, the smile, to cross his face. Pitchers trudge off the mound after throwing shutouts, for all the world as if they were en route to the woodshed to get theirs. The last time a player tipped his hat to the roar of the crowd was in 1937, in the Sally League, and it turned out later that he was merely brushing away an annoying shad fly.

In such an era of sterility, exceptions are rare and worth noting. We honor, therefore, that masterly exponent of geriatric finesse, Mr. Warren Spahn. After beating the Chicago Cubs 2–1 for his 300th win the other night, Spahnnie did not rush off the mound. He stayed right out there in the light, doffing his cap to all points of the compass, blowing kisses to the 40,775 cheering spectators, shaking hands with all and sundry. When there were no proximate hands remaining to be shaken, Spahnnie raced around looking for more. A fine achievement, 300 wins, openly arrived at and frankly celebrated, as it should have been.

FACES IN THE CROWD



CHARLES MCDOWELL, 16, Virginia Beach, Va., freshman-to-be at Phillips Exeter Academy, a golfer for 10 years, nipped Jay Sigel, 1-up, in 18 hole final to become 14th USGA junior champion in match played at Ithaca, New York.



JANE ALBERT, daughter of Frankie Albert, left-handed quarterback of 1941 Stanford Rose Bowl victors, captured national girls' 15-and-under tennis singles title in Cincinnati, teamed with finalist Jean Danilovich for doubles win as well.



STEVE MOLNAR, husky center forward of the New York AC outdoor water-polo team, scored four goals in game against Illinois B, four more over Toronto to lead New Yorkers to splashing 6-3 triumph in national AAU championship.



PETER RYAN, 21-year-old Canadian, collected his fourth straight U.S. sports car race two months after reaching the minimum age for competition, took auto racing's Vanderbilt Cup, in a Lotus Junior at Bridgehampton, N.Y.

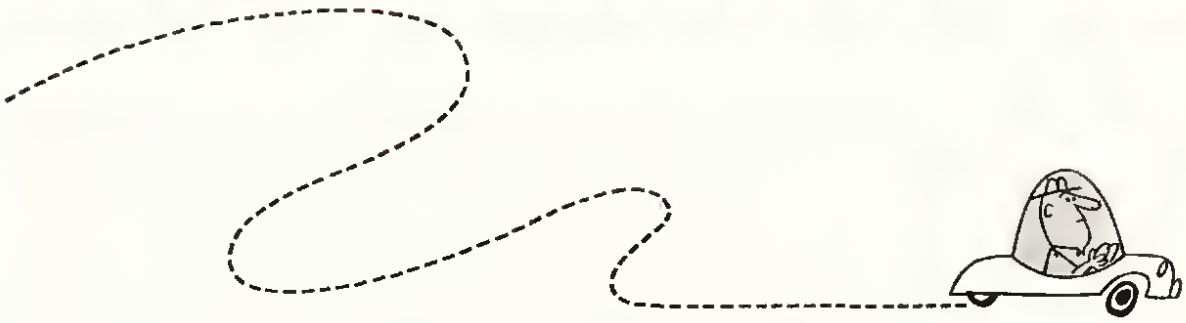


NORMA RICKER of Blue Hill, Maine, fired 79 bull's-eyes out of 100, scored 1,956 points, ran off with seventh straight state title in women's rifle shoot. Said Norma, who defeated single opponent, "Next year there will be no opposition at all."



LESTER ABBERLEY, 15, of Darien, Conn., a winter skier, summer sailor, skippered a Lightning from Noroton Yacht Club to win junior championship of Long Island Sound, gained Pequot Cup, equaling his father's feat of 27 years ago.

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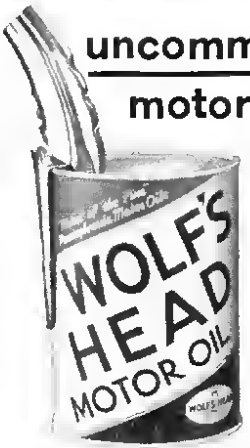
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HARNESS RACING

Stakes through September 6

AUGUST 17

Little Pat Stake, 2-year-old pace, $30,000 estimated, Springfield, Ill.

Greyhound Stake, 2-year-old trot, $22,500, Springfield, Ill.

Review Futurity, 3-year-old trot, $20,000 estimated, Springfield, Ill.

Review Futurity, 3-year-old pace, $17,500 estimated, Springfield, Ill.

Hanover-Hempt Farms, 2-year-old pacing fillies, $13,000 estimated, Carlisle, Pa.

Hanover-Hempt Farms, 3-year-old *trotting* colts, $12,000 estimated, Carlisle, Pa.

AUGUST 18

Hanover-Hempt Farms, 2-year-old trotting colts, $13,000 estimated, Carlisle, Pa

Hanover-Hempt Farms, 3-year-old pacing fillies, $8,000 estimated, Carlisle, Pa.

The Diplomat, 3-year-old pace, $7,000 estimated, Montreal.

AUGUST 18

H.T A. Trot, 4-year-olds, $10,000 added, Batavia, N.Y.

AUGUST 21

The Tom Hal, 2-year-old pacing colts, $10,000 added, Wilmington, Del.

AUGUST 22

Breeders' Filly Stake, 2-year-old trot, $7,000 estimated, Sedalia, Mo.

Breeders' Fifly Stake, 2-year-old pace, $7,000 estimated, Sedalia, Mo.

Breeders' Filly Stake, 3-year-old trot, $5,000 estimated, Sedalia, Mo.

Breeders' Filly Stake, 3-year-old pace, $4,000 estimated, Sedalia, Mo.

AUGUST 23

Matron Stake, 3-year-old trot, $18,000 estimated, Sedalia, Mo.

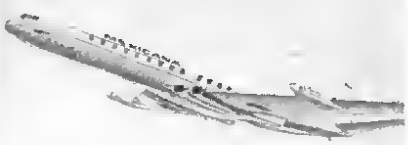
The Geers Stake, 2-year-old pace, $15,000 estimated, Sedalia, Mo

The Nancy Hanks, 2-year-old trotting fillies, $10,000 added, Wilmington, Del.

Parshall Memorial Futurity, 2-year-old trot, $7,500 estimated, Greenville, Ohio.

Parshall Memorial Futurity, 3-year-old trot, $5,000 estimated, Greenville, Ohio.

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AUGUST 24

Motor City Pace, classified, $15,000 added, Livonia, Mich.

Tompkins Memorial, 2-year-old trot, $15,000 estimated, Sedalia, Mo.

Matron Stake, 3-year-old pace, $12,000 estimated, Sedalia, Mo.

Parshall Memorial Futurity, 2-year-old pace, $7,500 estimated, Greenville, Ohio

Parshall Memorial Futurity, 3-year-old pace, $5,000 estimated, Greenville, Ohio.

AUGUST 25

The George Wilkes, 2-year-old trotting colts, $10,000 added, Wilmington, Del.

AUGUST 26

American-National Maturity, 4-year-old pace, $65,000 estimated, Cicero, Ill.

The Pocahontas, 2-year-old pacing fillies, $10,000 added, Wilmington, Del.

AUGUST 27

The Richelieu, 2-year-old pacing fillies, $7,000 estimated, Montreal.

AUGUST 28

The Ohio State, 2-year-old trot, $26,000 estimated, Columbus, Ohio.

AUGUST 29

The Buckeye State, 2-year-old pace, $30,000 estimated, Columbus, Ohio.

Breeders' Filly Stake, 2-year-old pace, $8,000 estimated, Du Quoin, Ill.

Breeders' Filly Stake, 2-year-old trot, $7,500 estimated, Du Quoin, Ill.

Breeders' Filly Stake, 3-year-old pace, $6,000 estimated, Du Quoin, Ill.

Breeders' Filly Stake, 3-year-old trot, $5,500 estimated, Du Quoin, Ill.

AUGUST 30

The Hambletonian, 3-year-old trot, $150,000 estimated, Du Quoin, Ill.

Castleton Farm Stake, 2-year-old trot, $30,000 estimated, Du Quoin, Ill.

Director of Agriculture, 3-year-old pace, $26,000 estimated, Columbus, Ohio.

The Geers Stake, 3-year-old pace, $12,000 estimated, Du Quoin, Ill.

The Essex, 3-year-old trotting fillies, $5,000 estimated, Essex Junction, Vt.

Maturity Trot, classified, $5,000 estimated, Columbus, Ohio.

continued

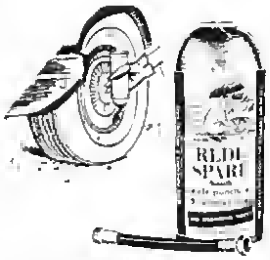
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HARNESS RACING *continued*

The Shelburne, 2-year-old trotting fillies, $5,000 estimated, Essex Junction, Vt.

AUGUST 31

McMahon Memorial Stake, 2-year-old pace, $30,000 estimated, Du Quoin, Ill.

The Governor's Cup, 3-year-old trot, $23,000 estimated, Columbus, Ohio.

Hambletonian Maturity, 4-year-old trot, $10,000 added, Du Quoin, Ill.

Maturity Pace, classified, $5,000 estimated, Columbus, Ohio.

Trotting Derby, aged division of Hambletonian, $5,000 estimated, Du Quoin, Ill.

SEPTEMBER 1

August Trotting Series Finale, $10,000, Vernon, N.Y.

SEPTEMBER 2

The Bronx, 3-year-old pacing fillies, $45,000, Yonkers, N.Y.

The Marquis de Lafayette, FFA trot, $35,000 estimated, Wilmington, Del.

H.T.A. Trot, 4-year-olds, $10,000 added, Monticello, N.Y.

SEPTEMBER 3

The Dufferin, 2-year-old trot, $7,000 estimated, Montreal.

SEPTEMBER 4

Breeders' Filly Stake, 3-year-old trot, $6,000 estimated, Indianapolis.

Breeders' Filly Stake, 3-year-old pace, $6,000 estimated, Indianapolis.

Les Girls, pacing fillies and mares, $5,000 added, Monticello, N.Y.

SEPTEMBER 5

Horseman Futurity, 3-year-old trot, $30,000 estimated, Indianapolis.

Horseman Futurity, 3-year-old pace, $25,000 estimated, Indianapolis.

Breeders' Filly Stake, 2-year-old trot, $9,000 estimated, Indianapolis.

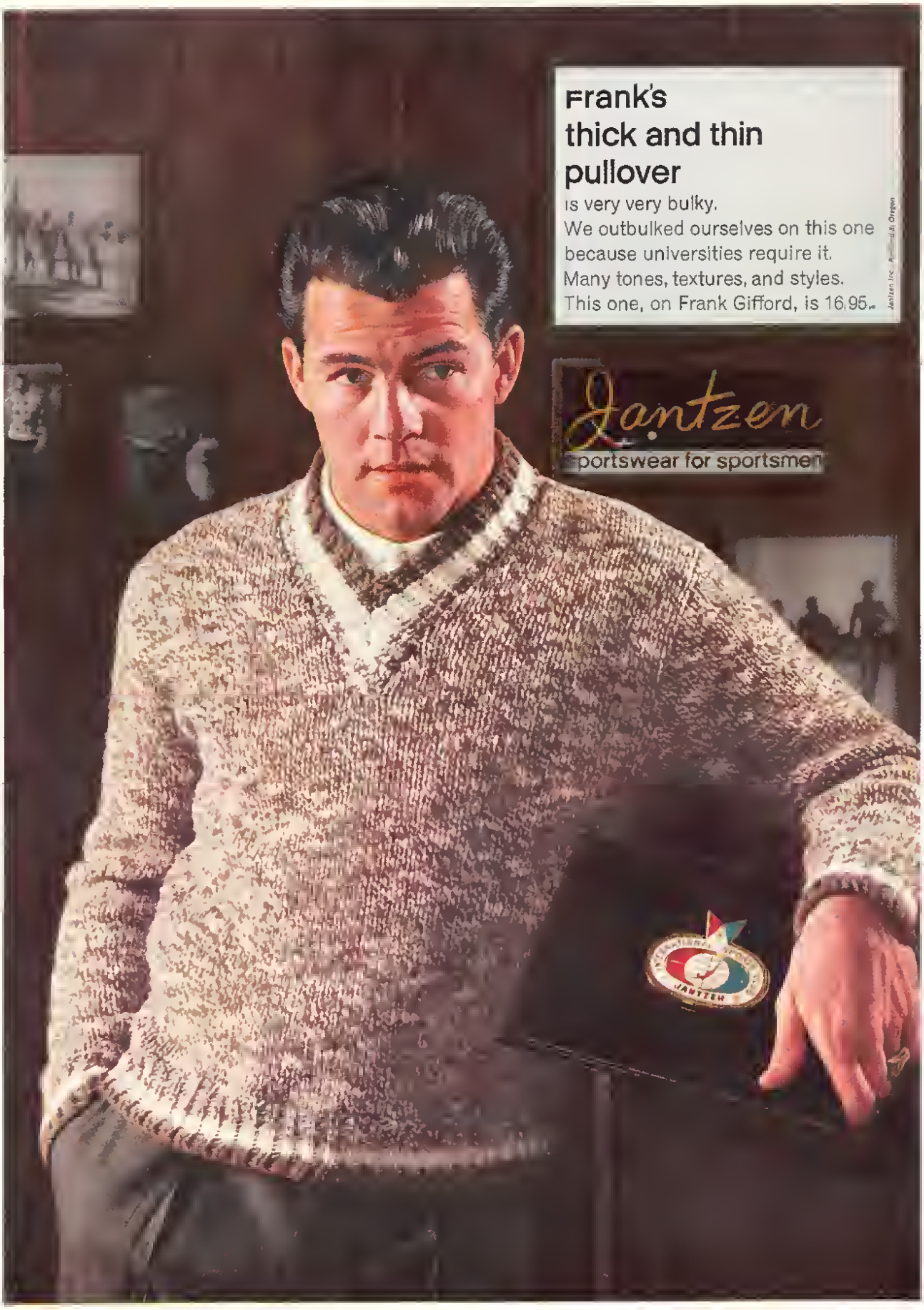
Breeders' Filly Stake, 2-year-old pace, $9,000 estimated, Indianapolis.

SEPTEMBER 6

Fox Stake, 2-year-old pace, $50,000 estimated, Indianapolis.

Horseman Stake, 2-year-old trot, $45,000 estimated, Indianapolis. **END**


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Publisher Sidney L. James
Advertising Director: L. L. Callaway Jr.
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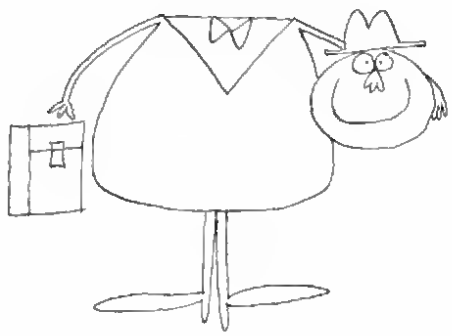
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Sports Illustrated
AUGUST 21, 1961

THE FRESH FACE



OF SPORT

In this summer of 1961 the fantastic upward surge in athletic performance and leisure participation is producing new records by the very young and by the old as well. Last week a sunburst of brilliance emphasized the progress made in a few short years

by RAY CAVE



In a sun-baked swimming pool in Philadelphia this past midsummer week, Donna de Varona, a little 14-year-old pixy, won a national championship and set a world record in a sport once reserved for amazons with bulging muscles. Not many miles to the south, President Kennedy sat in his air-conditioned office and with a squiggle of his pen transformed 70 miles of Cape Cod shore line into a national park, answering some of the needs of Americans who were moving toward the beaches like lemmings. Northward, in New York, 26,176 wagered heavily and cheered wildly as Duke Rodney won the first event in the triple crown of trotting, a country sport now solidly established in the big city and the big time. Out in Milwaukee a virtuoso performance by superstar Warren Spahn drew 40,775 fans to County Stadium, while in Washington a near-sellout 27,000 saw Mickey Mantle and Roger Maris raise their home-run totals to 45 each, as the statistical element of baseball once again electrified the public.

It used to be that the sports fan knew what to expect from year to year and even from decade to decade. But now, as last week's events so clearly showed, there is only one constant: constant change. Young parachutists spill out of the skies and pass batons in a sport undreamed of a few years back. Golfers line up at 4 a.m. to play on courses that recently were unkempt wilderness. Homebodies who once thought of the Sunday double-header as the crowning sports event of a sedentary week now go down to the sea with nylon sails and fiber-glass boats or strap on ultralight equipment to come to grips with woods and mountains and underwater depths. No sport has gone untouched. Technology, leisure and jingling cash in the public pockets have led to a sports explosion unparalleled in history, one that has burst in an approximate pinpoint of time.

Seven years ago last week the first issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED was published. In that year, 1954, there already was a stampede to stadiums, arenas and the outdoors. "The greatest sports binge in history," said the *Wall Street Journal* that August, but the binge was a mere ripple compared with the wave of change that was to come. Consider what has happened since—often for the better, occasionally for the worse, always remarkable.

In the 20 years prior to 1954 one major league baseball stadium had been constructed (in Milwaukee). In seven years new ones have sprouted in San Francisco, Minneapolis and

continued

Photograph by James Drake

A VICTOR'S SMILE, a medal and a bouquet adorn 14-year-old swimming champion Donna de Varona, whose world-record performance in the 400 meter medley last week epitomized vigor of nation's youth

Baltimore; Washington, Los Angeles and Houston are due next year, and New York the year after. The total investment: $100 million.

But in spite of its new look baseball has felt the bind of its expansion. Major league talent has been diluted—and the minor leagues are all but dead. In New Orleans what was in 1954 second base in the home park of the Southern Association Pelicans is now the site of the swimming pool of the Fontainebleau Motel. The general manager of the Fountainebleau used to be the general manager of the Pelicans. He now claims more customers a night than the ball club had in a week, but he is a sentimentalist and wishes New Orleans had baseball. New Orleans doesn't give a damn. It has had to build 120 new boathouses and is planning a new city marina for its boating public.

In the major leagues, there was an unfortunate trend toward exploding scoreboards, mechanical rabbits that hand balls to umpires, and faceless managers wigwagging signals at equally faceless ballplayers. The essential matter of who wins occupied less and less of the fans' attention; instead they were flocking to ballparks to see individuals joust with statistics. And seldom had the jousts been so exciting or successful. Whitey Ford wrapped up 20 wins in two-thirds of a season; Spahn won his 300th and Early Wynn was only a few behind; Mantle and Maris were making bona fide runs at Babe Ruth's record.

If the M&Ms were challenging the most hallowed record of baseball, no swimming mark could last long enough even to become hallowed. World records fall in almost every championship meet, primarily because swimming has suddenly become a major team sport for children. Armies of kids from toddlers to teens have been gleefully swept up in a watery version of Little League baseball. San Francisco police complain that the area's biggest traffic jams occur around swimming pools, where as many as 2,000 youngsters are being delivered by moms to a single pool to compete in dawn-to-dusk team matches. One pooped pool director shot up $54 worth of blank cartridges starting races at such a California meet the other day.

The result has been not only record times but new shapes and ages for U.S. swimming champions, especially girls. Unlike their muscular predecessors, they are slim, trim and hardly out of grade school. At 17 last week, husky Olympian Chris von Saltza found she was a little past her prime (*see page 48*). She was too old and, in a new sense, out of shape, a jolting case for geriatrics. So she retired, giving way to the fresh faces of the very, very young.



FLOODLIGHT AT YONKERS RACEWAY

The fresh face of football was the rugged countenance of the pros—some of whom seemed very, very old. In 1954 the pro game was having a tough time with stiff college competition. After seven years the fight is about over. Detroit, a championship team that boasted of its season-ticket sellout in '54, has had hardly a season ticket available for new customers in three years. Last season Baltimore, New York, Chicago and Green Bay also were sold out. The result has been expansion (two new teams) and a nettlesome neighbor (the eight-team American Football League). Professional football, once a dreary thud on the outskirts of town, has permanently established itself as a major sport.

With so many discerning football fans, the anonymous heroes of the defense at *last have got their due, and then some.* Sam Huff, the Giant linebacker, peers violently from television picture tubes and magazine covers, and Baltimore has suffered schizophrenia trying to adore both John Unitas and Big ("I just shuffle 'em till I find the one with the ball") Daddy Lipscomb.

By 1954 the colleges had abandoned two-platooning, and had their men play both offense and defense as they claimed the good Lord intended. Now, seven



FIRELIGHT IN OHIO BRIGHTENS TYPICAL CAMPSITE AS AMERICA ROAMS OUTDOORS



ILLUMINATES FINISH OF $100,000 TROT LAST WEEK AS OUKE RODNEY (8) BEATS CALEB AND SETS WORLD RECORD FOR 3-YEAR-OLDS

years later, there is doubt. College one-platoon offenses weren't too exciting, nor were defenses overly strong, and the influence of the professional competition was strong indeed. Even a high-principled conservative like Red Blaik found himself going in for spread formations and lonely ends. The college rules committee firmly stuck with one-platoon football. But with the ringing cheers of pro football's cash customers coming to them clearly from across town, the committee members neatly fixed it so that coaches could make about all the substitutions they wanted anyway. As a final stimulant, the first scoring change in 46 years was added—the possibility of making two points after a touchdown.

Tall teams, big money

Basketball saw two significant changes, the first simply a matter of biology. All Americans are taller, so basketball players are taller yet. Coaches now talk of wanting "little" 6-foot-3 forwards. A center should be 6 feet 8, at least.

The other development was the practical application of the discovery by colleges that basketball teams make money. The result has been a marked increase in magnificent new field houses: Maryland, San Francisco, SMU, Georgia Tech, Ohio State, Texas Tech, Illinois, St. John's and Wichita, to cite just a few completed or abuilding.

And once again in a major sport the top professional league has expanded from coast to coast and found new competition, in the form of the adventuresome American Basketball League, which hopes to compete from Pittsburgh to Honolulu. The ABL promoters have some money, and will need a lot.

The availability of money has been a major factor in the sporting change everywhere. In horse racing there were only 21 $100,000 added events in 1954. Last year there were 38, and this year there are still more. What enables tracks to give away greenbacks like Green Stamps? The bettors, of course. From gleaming new plants, such as Aqueduct, to the crummiest half-mile oval on the leaky-roof circuit, the gambling American bet $3,366,000,000 last year, 50% more than he did in 1954. The nine-race card became a commonplace, a move calculated to improve the very considerable profits of both state and management, if not to improve the breed.

Flat racing merely grew, but harness racing grew up. Betting doubled, from $400 million to $800 million, and attendance went from 10 million to 15 million. The expansion from dusty state fairgrounds to all-weather metropolitan tracks brought new earnings to owners, who applied a lot of it to the breeding of finer horses. In 1954 there were 35 horses able to equal or better that standard of topnotch performance, the two-minute trot or pace. Last year 67 horses did it a total of 120 times.

Humans were running faster, too. The improvement in track and field has been almost unbelievable, partly because of new equipment but primarily because of ability and international competition.

Thoroughly broken since 1954 are marks once considered unattainable: the seven-foot high jump, the 27-foot broad jump, the 60-foot shotput, the 9.3 100-yard dash. What Roger Bannister started in 1954 with the sub-four-minute mile has continued brashly and inexorably.

Those Americans who haven't been running around tracks have been running to the water. As Kansas City sizzled in its summer inferno last Friday afternoon, a bumper-to-bumper line of automobiles stretched for miles out of the city on U.S. Route 50 towing a variety of inboards, outboards, and centerboards to the Lake of the Ozarks, a watery Shangri-La 150 miles away. In 1954, there were only 50 sailboats sold in Kansas City; last year there were 500. Utah, high and relatively dry in the middle of the desert, had little boating, fewer boats. Now it has a commission controlling 11,000 registered power craft. In Detroit a beleaguered harbor patrolman protested that "every jerk with 20 bucks owns a boat," and the New York area Coast Guard towed 229 disabled craft to safety last week as the country seemed hell-bent on going to sea in a sieve.

In just seven years the national splurge on boating increased from $1 billion to $2.5 billion. The reason was largely new kinds of equipment. With fiber glass

continued

came a boat that took a maximum of abuse with a minimum of sandpaper. Monster outboard motors, once exclusively the province of professional boatmen, now drive small cabin cruisers at furious speeds, and both boat and motor can be beached in the backyard and towed to water on weekends. For sailors, light, quick-drying Dacron sails have replaced the two tons of wet, unmanageable canvas that the ladies—as crew—once had to haul in every time the spinnaker got soaked. A sailboat so tiny it would fit on a car roof became the rage among thousands of junior sailors, while in the past seven years there were so many new big boats that the 1960 Bermuda Race had 135 starters, compared to 77 in 1954.

An inland waterway

Meanwhile, every water surface bigger than a bathtub was having its calm ruffled by another waterbug, the skier. So many water skiers came out of the weeds that it was no surprise when the holder of the world's water ski jump record (150 feet) turned out to be a young man from Austin, Texas, a city, incidentally, which now boasts a country club without a golf course. Located on Austin Lake, it caters only to the water set.

This love affair with wetness extended just as overwhelmingly into fishing, another sport that seven years have made unrecognizable. Time was when it took an uncommon amount of skill to cast a light River Runt plug against the wind and not have it blown back so far that you had to comb it out of your hair. Now the spinning reel is not only available but cheap. With it the most unpracticed novice can throw deadly, light lures a mile in a gale. Rods are lighter and stronger; floating lines really float, and lures range from battery-operated plugs to that final symbol of angling ease and gentility, the plastic worm.

Inexpensive transportation now has brought the country's wildest regions within casting distance of outdoorsmen. On Maine's secluded Allagash River, once accessible only by float plane, a horrified guide recently saw a procession of 23 canoes, each filled to the gunwales with fisherboys hauling in brook trout. For the angler there seemed to be little wilderness left, as America became a great place to be a human, but a lousy place to be a fish.

Those other outdoorsmen, the hunters, were finding similar difficulties and at least a partial solution. There were 14 million licensed hunters in 1954, and at least 2 million more of them in 1960. In some areas the heavy hunting pressure—combined with poor breeding weather and reduced breeding grounds—had all but destroyed the sport. The closing of more and more private land has also hampered hunters, but increasing numbers are now finding their sport on regulated private preserves, where game is raised to be shot for a fee. A poor substitute, perhaps, yet this is what some hunting has come to in 1961.

But if the hunter has suffered, his fellow outdoors type, the skier, has thrived. Vermont reports a 300% increase in skiing since 1954. The flatlands of the Midwest, which had four ski resorts seven years ago, now have 141, and in such unlikely spots as *Gatlinburg, Tenn.* and Hot Springs, Va., slopes are coated with artificial snow to become southern Sun Valleys. The development that has brought skiing to the public eye and ought to keep it there forever? Stretch pants.

The country's two old country club sports, golf and tennis, also have changed drastically, the one surging to some kind of climax while the other drags listlessly toward a crisis.

Seven years of professional golf saw the end of the domination of Hogan and Snead, the rise of Arnold Palmer and the realization that finesse is no longer enough. Power has become vital. Never have golf balls been hit so far so straight—or for so much money. Palmer's tournament winnings were $75,262 last year. What's more, every touring professional now presumes he can at least equal his tournament winnings with outside endorsements. The best—again, Palmer—grossed nearly $200,000 from golf last year. Perhaps because they were turning into wealthy conservatives, the pros began to dress the part and, naturally, all golfers followed suit. Gone were the flaming pinks and lavenders of 1954, in came subdued charcoals and browns.

There were other changes. Land costs and taxes caused country club dues to soar like nine-iron shots, and on public courses there were crowds and tangles that rivaled those in the other fast-growing outdoor sports. In cities like Chicago and New York golfers started lining up at 4 a.m. At a course in New Orleans players arrived in pajamas at dawn to draw lots for a handful of starting times that the course refused to schedule in advance. The lucky winners go home and dress. The losers go back to bed.

Unlike golf, tennis threatened to be ruined by the power swing. The big

LOOKING LIKE A SPACE AGE SCIENTIST AT A MISSILE CENTER, THE OPERATOR OF A



serve struck audiences as a big bore, and though club tennis and junior tennis were on the increase everywhere, bad behavior and poor technique by spoiled brats at Forest Hills and Wimbledon threatened the amateur game's status as a major sport. While seven years ago amateur tennis was sacred, now open tennis, on the pattern of open golf, seems the sole salvation.

No longer pawns

Nor have indoor activities escaped these revolutionary times. The first Russian-U.S. chess tournament played here was in 1954, arousing as much general interest as a girl scouts' pancake race. This was clearly not a U.S. sport and never would be. Yet six years later an American junior team beat a Russian junior team in a world championship. Last month the British magazine *Chess* noted there were 25 U.S. tournaments scheduled, and added with characteristic British bluntness: "Amazing." More amazing: in Milwaukee this month 1,383 children took part in a day-long chess tournament. They were the finalists from 4,000 entrants.

And if America's men and women were keeping their sporting waistlines by exercising 3 million strong each day with such television physical culturists as ubiquitous Jack LaLanne, they were surely gaining avoirdupois sitting at bridge tables by night. The American Contract Bridge League, which sanctioned a modest 100,000 duplicate tournaments in 1954, found itself with a record 250,000 to oversee last year. The game itself changed; hosts of complex bidding systems elaborated on the old, faithful point-count approach until the sole certainty about a suit a partner bids is now the likelihood that he doesn't have it.

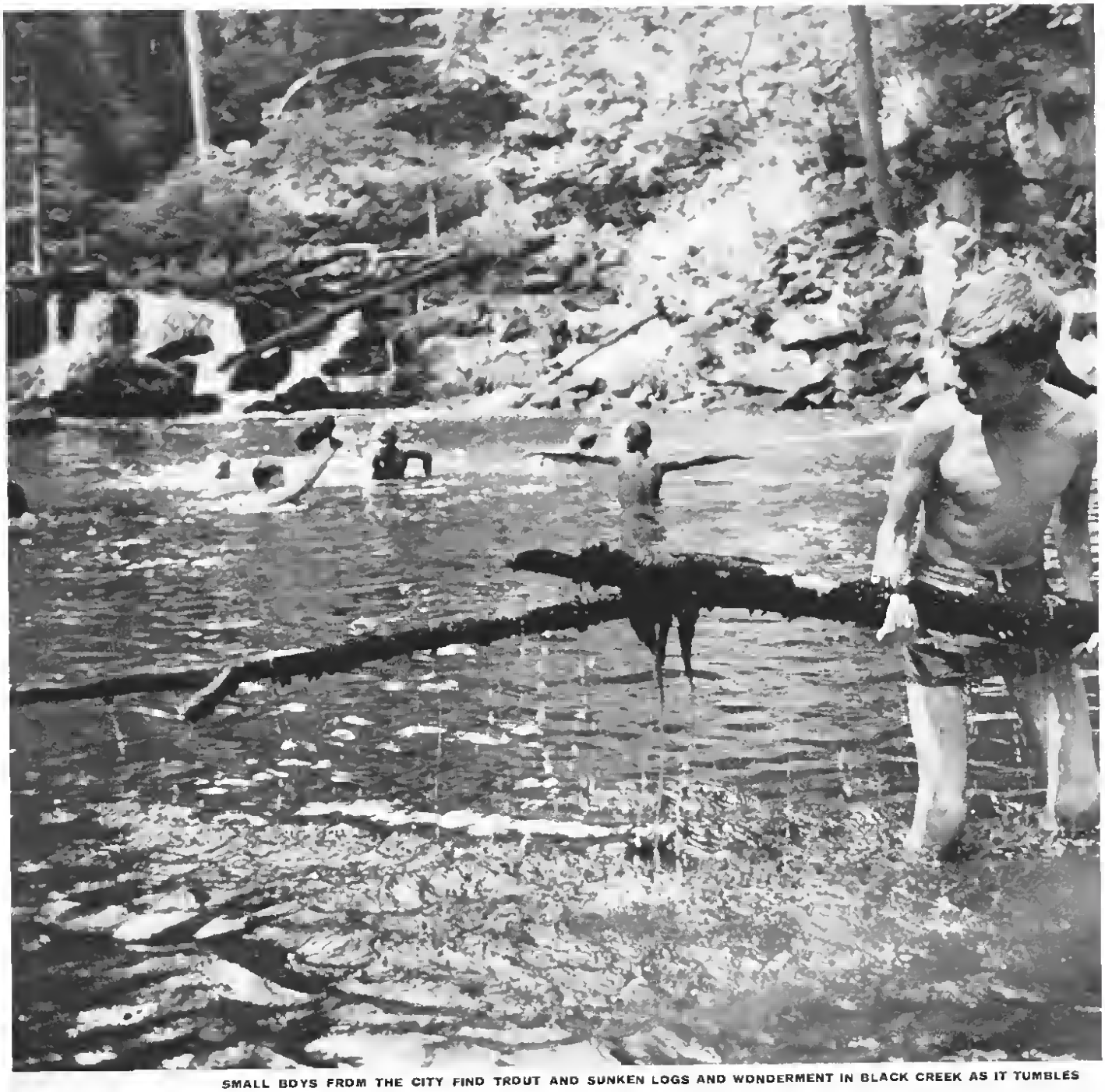
But bowling best epitomizes the change that has overtaken every sport since 1954. Born of the automatic pinsetter, reared lavishly with vast capital and full-grown in chrome, fluorescent lights and razzle-dazzle, bowling managed in seven years to get America out of the alleys and into the lanes. The modern bowling establishment is as respectable as a split level and as encompassing as a supermarket. Often open 24 hours a day, it has wooed and won the family trade with everything from baby sitters, to free lunches, free lessons and free leagues. In 1954 there were 17 million U.S. bowlers. Now there are an estimated 32 million. A professional intercity bowling league, with teams in 10 cities, is scheduled to begin play before paying spectators this October.

Thus the look and language of sport changed in the U.S. as it never had before. The changes came quickly, because the pace of life itself quickened. The jet engine helped, television helped and, of course, peace, albeit an uneasy peace, helped most of all.

So perhaps it is not surprising that the most significant fact about the new look of sport is that it has proved to be international. The enthusiasms that grip us now plainly grip everybody. Thus John Thomas was high-jumping in Japan, the Russians rowing at Henley, the Italians nearly winning the Davis Cup and a South African taking our Masters trophy. American horses jump at shows in Aachen, French horses trot at Yonkers, and Venezuelan ones race at Laurel. A Czech team defeats an English team to win an international soccer league title in New York, Jack Brabham enters our "500" and Briggs Cunningham drives at Le Mans. A Briton wins a small fraction of the middleweight title from one American, while a Cuban nearly wrests a very large fraction from another American. And at the Olympics less than a year ago a German wins the 100 meters, an Italian the 200, an American the 400, a New Zealander the 800, an Australian the 1,500, a Russian the 10,000 and an Ethiopian the marathon. Sport has not merely completed seven years of change, it has gone through seven years of exciting growth. **END**

MODERNISTIC 54-LANE BOWLING PLANT IN REDONDO BEACH, CALIF. PRESSES BUTTONS THAT START PINSETTING MACHINES





SMALL BOYS FROM THE CITY FIND TROUT AND SUNKEN LOGS AND WONDERMENT IN BLACK CREEK AS IT TUMBLES

The games they never played

Photographs by Susan Greenburg

"I am quite sure that I would not have gone on to win the Olympic Championship in 1952 nor would I be the World's Heavyweight Champion today, if I had not been given my chance at Wiltwyck."

Floyd Patterson's alma mater, the Wiltwyck School for Boys, represents an effort to save children from the scarring of intolerable circumstances of their lives. Supported by the city and state, by foundations and by private gifts, the institution in Esopus, N.Y. cares year round for 100 deeply troubled



THROUGH THE WILTWYCK SCHOOL GROUNDS

boys between the ages of 8 and 12. Here their young lives are rounded out with love and attention and the therapeutic play and interplay of sport. Wiltwyck does not pretend to solve all problems, but it is a long step upward from the penny-ante card games, the sneaked cigarettes, the petty thefts and the gang rumbles of the boys confined to city streets. As one of the alumni said, "I haven't done as well as Floyd Patterson, but I'm doing all right." For these boys, and for Wiltwyck, "all right" is a noteworthy achievement.

CONTINUED

ON THEIR FIRST WALKS through the woods, city boys come upon one perplexity after another. Their view of life encompasses the actions and reactions of human beings, not of nature. When a great dead branch crashed from 35 feet to the ground, the boys jumped, looked wide-eyed and asked their counselor anxiously, "Who did that?"





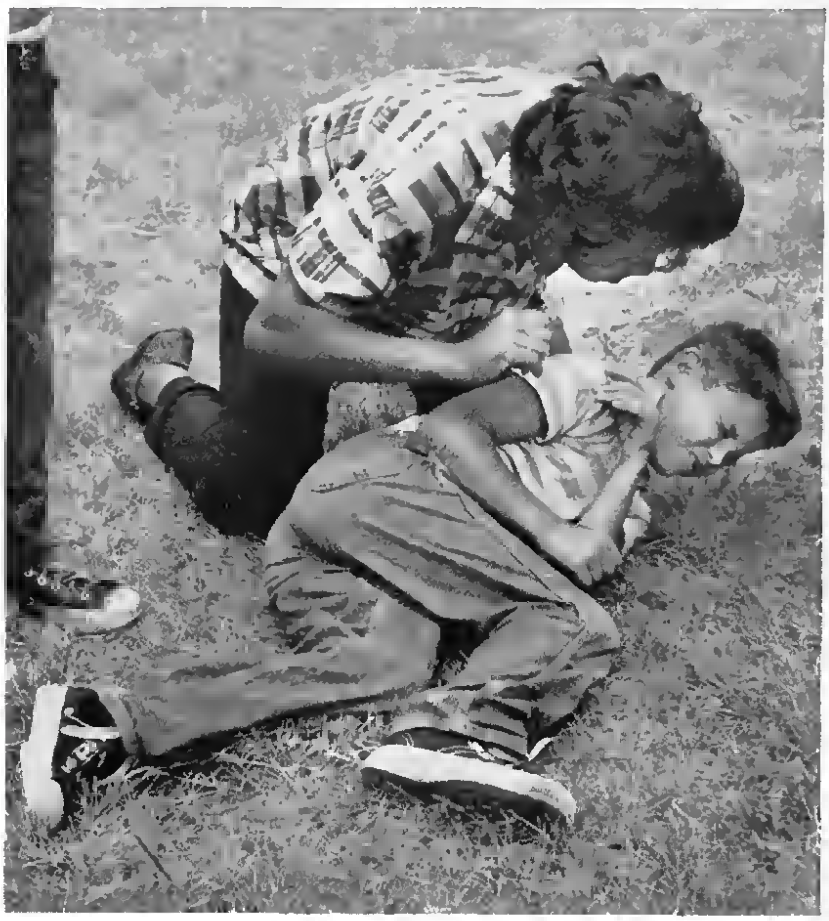


VIOLENCE AND COMFORT form a pattern that recurs a dozen times every day. Counselors know this blind dash, whatever they are doing, they will catch it out of the corner of an eye and go off in hot pursuit. First comes the gentle tackle, and then the patient probing for the reason.—"He hit me," or "He took my marbles." The counselor can deal with a hurt child's outbursts, but it is to Wiltwyck's doctors and therapists, and the caseworkers in the city working with the family, that one must look for a healing deep enough to make outbursts less frequent.



A BOY AND NATURE meet timidly as this Wiltwyck camper, his baseball cap askew and his raincoat at the ready, goes on an exploring trip through the patterned shadows of the woods. When his curiosity is sated, he will return to the other activities of the day: swimming, baseball, volleyball, badminton, marbles and ticktacktoe. When a boy leaves Wiltwyck he usually must return to the pressures of the city streets, but in New York the Floyd Patterson House will soon be finished, and ready to carry on the school's work there.

CONTINUED









HIS OWN PERSONAL HAT, put on frontward, makes a Wiltwyck boy a trout fisherman. When it's turned around, he's a catcher. The importance of an "own personal" possession is enormous to boys who arrive with nothing but the clothes they stand up in. Wiltwyck toys, sports equipment and some clothes are held in common, so that an "own personal" thing is to be treasured.



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Photographs by James Drake

A SMALL BUT HANDY PRODIGY

A little girl with a firm but odd grip, Judy Torluemke has been winning golf tournaments since she was 7. She is 16 years old now and one of the best—and most engaging—prospects ever

by ***GWILYM S. BROWN***

This week and next in the Pacific Northwest the girls and the women of U.S. amateur golf are getting together for their two big tournaments of the year. These are the 61st Women's Amateur, starting on August 21 in Tacoma, Wash., and the 13th annual Girls' Junior Championship, which will be winding up this week in Seattle.

While the Women's Amateur is the major championship, of course, its little sister (for girls 17 and younger) surrenders nothing in the way of fun, color or competitive vigor. The youngsters play such fierce golf, in fact, that last year's winner, Carol Sorenson, battled to the 18th hole in three of her four preliminary matches, to the 20th in the other, and didn't win the 18-hole final match until the 17th green.

The girls' championship has been a tremendously effective finishing school. No less than six of the last seven Women's Amateur champions, plus three-time Open winner Mickey Wright, have sprung directly from the ranks of the junior event, which has now become so popular that there is a starting field of 70 this year.

Many of these will be staying on for next week's Women's Amateur, and several of them—including Ann Baker of Maryville, Tenn., Mary Lou Daniel of Louisville, both 16, Roberta Albers of Tampa, and Peggy Conley of Spokane, both 14—are almost certain to be making golf news in the years to come. But the most promising of the lot, win or lose this week, is the charming, freckle-faced, curly-haired brunette on the cover, 16-year-old Judy Torluemke of St. Louis.

In Judy, golf has a real child prodigy. She has been winning tournaments since she was 7 years old. Her first was a hole-

continued



PRACTICING IRON SHOTS, Judy Torluemke pitches to green under gaze of her father.



JUDY, 7, WALKS WITH PRO BOB GREEN

PRODIGY *continued*

in-one contest sponsored by the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, and it drew 602 entries. Though she was not quite four feet tall, weighed only 42 pounds and needed her driver on the 102-yard hole (most of the contestants were using short irons), she pounded all three of her shots within 15 feet 2 inches of the cup and won the women's division with an average margin of 14 feet 5 inches.

Wasn't she surprised to do so well, Judy was asked recently. "Not really," she said. "Daddy told me I could win, and I believed everything he said."

Paul Torluemke (pronounced Tor-*lum*-kee), for his part, has always had confidence in his daughter, and his devotion to her game has certainly triggered much of its success. He is a pleasant, talkative, 42-year-old redhead of German ancestry who has been an Air Force sergeant, a lithographer, a printing salesman and now runs a calendar-manufacturing business in St. Louis. Nothing but a weekend hacker even in his golfing prime, he liked the game well enough to start Judy out when she was 6½ years old. She took to it immediately, and Father, fortunately, proved to be a far better instructor than he was a player. In the early days he sat near the practice tee teeing up balls for Judy by the hour as he taught her the rudiments of the swing. When winter came and Judy moved to an indoor range, she proved inexhaustible. Under her father's careful scrutiny she could bang out as many as 20 buckets of balls a session, or about 900 shots.

From this enthusiastic start Judy's golf became very good very fast. At 8 she went to Orlando, Fla. with her father and won the National Pee Wee Championship, for children 10 to 12. At 9 she won the Pee Wee again and played in George S. May's frantic All-American tournament in Chicago. By the time she was 10 Judy weighed 60 pounds, still not very large even by 10-year-old standards, but she could drive a golf ball 170 yards, shoot consistently in the 80s, and had won her third straight Pee Wee Championship. Her Pee Wee successors are now playing for the Judy Torluemke Trophy.

Even that long ago her pro at the Triple "A" Club in St. Louis, Bob Green, was ecstatic about Judy's promise. "She was the finest golfer I had ever seen," the burly 6-foot 4-inch pro said. "She still is. She hits the ball better than any golfer I have ever known." With her third Pee Wee triumph, Judy announced that she would like to be a great champion, maybe by the time she reached the advanced age of 16.

She is running slightly behind her ambitious schedule, but she has been so consistent a winner there seems little doubt that someday she will be one of this country's finest golfers. When she was 11 the Pee Wee sponsors added a category for golfers 13 to 15, and Judy won that, too. Two years ago, when she was 14, Judy became the youngest (and undoubtedly the lightest) golfer ever to win the Missouri State Women's Amateur championship, a title she took again this year. When she was 14 she also played in her first U.S. Women's Open, and last year at 15 she was the low amateur in that event.

Judy's lack of size has always made her golfing feats seem the more impressive. For example, when she showed up to register for the 1959 Women's Open in Pittsburgh she was not quite 5 feet tall and weighed 80 pounds. "Don't you mean you want to register for your mother?" asked the surprised man at the registration desk.

But almost as startling as Judy's size is her background. It contains none of the accouterments usually thought essential for success in women's golf. When Judy was 7 and an only child, the close-knit Torluemke family was tragically disrupted by the lingering illness of her mother, Waneta, who developed a malignant brain tumor and died 4½ years later. In addition, the family income has always just been barely enough to cover day-to-day expenses, and Mr. Torluemke is not a golf pro with ready access to professional know-how and the best in equipment. Judy's club, the Triple "A," is a sort of workingmen's country club. Noted principally for its vigorous tennis program, which has produced Pro Butch Buchholz and Wimbledon finalist Chuck McKinley, its golf course is only nine holes and 2,800 yards long, has no rough and only three sand traps. It is hardly the place at which to train for the Women's Open on the stupendously long, heavily trapped Baltusrol course. Yet train there Judy did this spring, and at Baltusrol fashioned rounds of 82, 78, 78 and 82 for a creditable 320 and 25th place.

One explanation for Judy's seemingly miraculous play is that she has been well taught, by Green and by her father. Her swing and body turn are smooth and powerful. Another is her ability to hit the ball far. She gets this distance from an absurdly unorthodox grip. Her left hand is turned so far to the right on the shaft that her left palm rests directly on top of it. Instead of pointing toward the target in the approved manner, the back of her left hand faces squarely to the front. Ordinarily this grip would create a boomeranging hook, but Judy has developed such strength in her left arm, wrist and hand that she is able to hit the ball hard with her right hand while keeping the left wrist from rolling over at impact. The result is a high-flying, carefully controlled hook that travels an average of 220 yards.

Judy also is an exceptionally determined player. When she is on a golf course, whether in a championship or just practicing, her freckled face is grim, her back is straight and her stride is brisk. She works hard over every shot and every putt. An example of her ter-



GIRDED BY HER TROPHIES IN SUBURBAN ST. LOUIS LIVING ROOM, JUDY PLAYS WITH 2-YEAR-OLD HALF BROTHER, DANNY

rierlike diligence occurred during the second round of this year's Open. She was even par after three holes but hooked her tee shot into some trees on the par-3 fourth hole and took a 6. Disgusted but not discouraged, she birdied the next hole, an uphill par 4 of 359 yards. Trying too hard for a birdie on the 6th hole (400 yards, par 4) she three-putted from 10 feet for a bogey. Then she birdied the 7th hole. When the round was over Judy had scored a triple bogey, one double bogey and five bogeys, but had also added seven pars and four birdies for a 78. In a field of 83 her score was only one of 18 below 80. Paul Torluemke was so impressed with the excitement his daughter had stirred among the galleries that he now thinks daring golf is the best golf. "That's the only way to play, win or lose," he says. "I'm going to tell her to aim for the birdie every time."

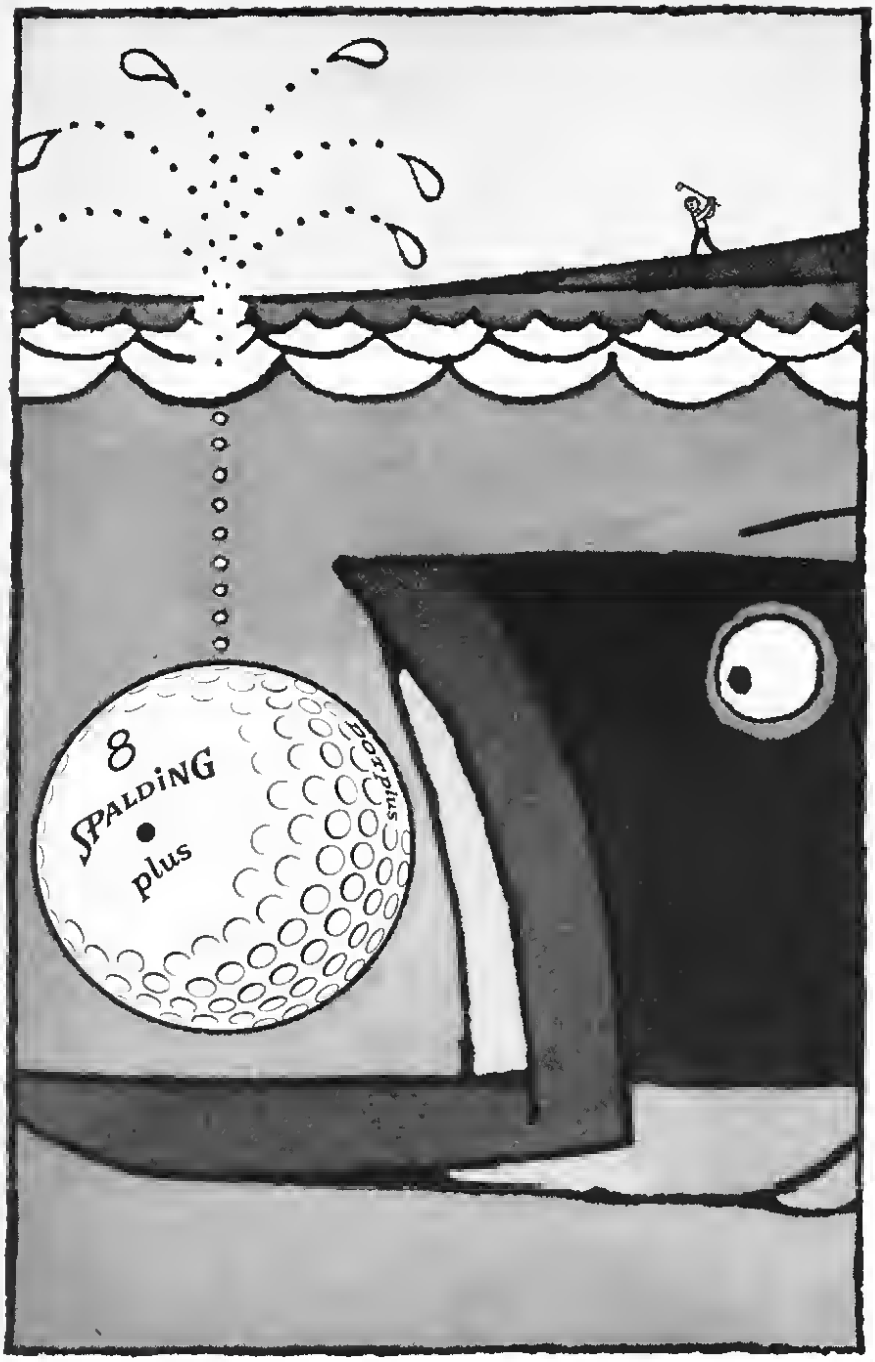
A positive man about his daughter's golf, father Torluemke does not, however, hold a whip over Judy's head. He will often suggest that she put in a lengthy drill on a shot that she is relatively weak on, but most observers agree that it is Judy's own eagerness and determination that leads her to her long hours of practice, not the fanaticism of her father. Paul Torluemke does set targets for Judy and, like any child, she is inclined to go along with him. One such target, and in fact the first, was the British Amateur, a tournament which 10 years ago Torluemke believed was the major event in women's golf.

"When I was 6," Judy recalls, "I thought that Queen Elizabeth was the most beautiful woman in the world. So Daddy said that if I was good enough we could go over to Great Britain when I was 16, win in the British Amateur and then be taken to meet the Queen. Well, the excitement about meeting the Queen sort of wore off when I was 10, but we still kept thinking about entering the tournament."

Judy was good enough, but right up to this year there appeared to be no money to pay for the trip. At the last minute Green rounded up two sponsors who donated $600 apiece, and the trip was on. It turned out to be a gloomy one. The championship was played at Carnoustie in Scotland, and the weather was cold and rainy. Judy, who had been right around par in her two practice rounds on the demanding Carnoustie course, drew a bye in the first round. Then in her second-round match with Sheila McKinven she was even after 16 holes, having rallied from a 3-hole deficit after 12. An unplayable lie in a gorse bush just off the green cost her the 17th, and when the 18th was halved Judy had lost. Here she proved that she was very human and still a girl. Coming off the 18th green she burst into tears. The Torluemkes left for home the next day.

After the initial shock, Judy was able to take her British Amateur failure just as she has all her successes, with very little fuss. Nine years of local and na-

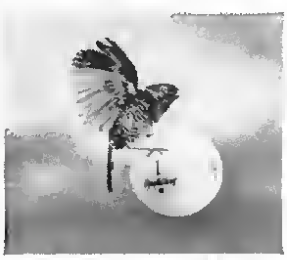
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tional publicity have had slight effect on her. "My best girl friends hardly know I'm a golfer," she says. "When I win something they say 'congratulations' and forget it. I think it's just as well that way."

Her father remarried three years ago. His wife, the former Mrs. Betty Martens, has four children of her own, and the Torluemkes have their own 2-year-old boy. Judy, suddenly, is the oldest of six. The family lives in suburban Ellisville, and Judy, who is now 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 110, drives the Torluemkes' 1959 royal-blue gearshift Chevrolet with



POWER GRIP used by Judy results in hook, which she controls, but also in very long drives.

a deft and confident ease. With her senior year in high school coming up, she has suddenly discovered that being a good golfer has made her very popular with boys. On her tournament trips she can look forward to winning beaus as well as trophies.

Before this summer's journey to the Northwest, Judy was in an optimistic mood as she sat in the breezy, cool shade outside the Triple "A" clubhouse. This was to be her sixth Girls' Junior Championship and she felt she had an excellent chance to win. Last year she lost the semifinals to Winner Sorenson only after blowing a 3-hole lead with five to play.

She is optimistic about the Women's Amateur, too. "It is only my second," she says, "but if I get rolling I think I could win a couple of matches. If I really get it rolling there's no telling what I could do, is there?" **END**



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DEAUVILLE AROUND THE CLOCK

August in Deauville is a poem of summer in which time turns back to a gilded age. Paris is empty; its blood has flowed to this Norman seaside town, which suddenly quickens with Thoroughbreds, Rolls-Royces, yachts, croupiers, princes and plain people. They move among the scenes shown in color on the following eight pages

Photographs by Jerry Cooke



While most of Deauville sleeps, in grand hotel or Norman villa, trainers exercise their horses on morning's tide-packed sand






126

Noon means bikinis at Deauville's Bar du Soleil and sailboats plying casino-lined waters, a scene beloved and often painted by Dufy





The tents of Deauville's "Palm Beach" march splendidly on sands where Normans first landed







In the picnic atmosphere of tree-shaded enclosures (opposite), fans check tipsheets as Jockey Claude Drieux parades by

Every afternoon Deauville goes to the races. Every yard of the running can be seen either from the lawn or in the stands





In the midnight quiet of a salle privée in Deauville's Casino, shown here for the first time, there is no limit at the baccarat table—$80,000 once went on a single hand

DEAUVILLE TRAVEL FACTS

The Deauville season is mid-May to September 30; the high season, mid-July to September 1. GETTING THERE: Air France has daily flights from London mid-July through August; weekend flights September 1 to 17. Channel ferry (1½ hours) leaves Lydd, Kent, at 10:30 a.m. Mondays through Fridays, June 5 to September 8. Frequent trains from Gare St. Lazare in Paris take two hours. By car from Paris on the Autoroute de l'Ouest it is 130 miles. STAYING THERE: Hotel Normandy, de luxe, on the beach; $12–$20 single, with breakfast; $16–$24 American plan; all 500 rooms have baths. Hotel Royal, also de luxe, on beach; $8–$18 with breakfast. Hotel Arcades and Hotel de La Fresnaye, first class, $8–$12. Deauville Palace and Hotel Le Morny, second class, $6. EATING: Cyro's, brasserie-type restaurant on the water, is best in Deauville; full meal $8 with wine. Grill Room at Casino and the Chalet Normand are both excellent. Jarrasse is best for seafood; full meal $7 with wine. La Roseraie is homey, offbeat (try crepes Deauville, appetizer of ham, cheese, cream sauce); full meal $4.50 with wine. Calvados, Normandy's apple brandy, and cider are justifiably world-famous specialties of the region. SIGHTSEEING: If Deauville itself isn't enough, Mont-Saint-Michel is a day's outing away. PLAYING: Racing season at Deauville track (flat racing) and Clairefontaine (flat and steeplechase) is July 14 to September 3. Yearling sales, August 19 to 29. Casino stars France's top talent in two cabarets, is open Easter through October; Winter Casino is open rest of year. There are 25 tennis courts, two golf courses, all open to public; yacht racing all summer. Polo season runs from about August 5 to August 27. Children's riding lessons (in French) are given at Le Poney behind Hotel Normandy. **END**



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by RICHARD BISSELL

FOR HOUSEBOATERS THE LIVIN' IS EASY

The author of 'The Pajama Game' and 'Say, Darling!' dwells on the Mississippi with the don't-care-now-and-won't-care-later people



Houseboating requires no energy whatsoever. It is one sport you can pursue sitting or, if you prefer, lying down, for hours or, in some cases, years at a time. *In fact, you can doze right off* without breaking the rules of the game. If you are parked on a river you don't even have to take the empty beer cans out. You just cut a hole in the floor. And you will never have to make a phone call and say, "Please ask Joe to come around when he has a chance—the Disposall is on the blink." A hole in the wall or an open window will do just as well.

Personally, I went crazy for houseboats many years ago, long before they started merchandising them like Ladies' Ready-to-Wear. I have been bumming around the upper Mississippi since I was 12 years old, either in it or on it—sometimes half and half. When I got old enough to know better but didn't, I went off steamboating on the upper and lower Mississippi, the Illinois, the Ohio, the Tennessee, the Monongahela and even the Chicago Drainage Canal—which is not recommended at this date for houseboating, or for anything else, especially on a hot summer day. That was back in the glorious days when the big steam stern-wheelers were still around. We used to haul coal for their boilers, sometimes for six hours at a stretch, in the cold rain, or in summer when it was *hot* down around St. Louis or Memphis. We loved it. Don't ask me why. And wherever I went when I was off steamboating there were houseboats, and the nutty, independent, don't-care-

AUTHOR BISSELL walks the plank from his 80-foot-long houseboat named the *No Bottom.*

now-and-I-won't-care-later people that lived in them. So when I got married, to an innocent girl from Boston, we set up housekeeping on a houseboat; and it leaked so badly that pumping the bilge three times a day became just as natural to her as washing the dishes.

This houseboat, the *Prairie Belle*, was a mammoth affair, two stories with a gable roof. I found it at La Crosse, Wis., a hundred miles up river from where I worked in Dubuque. So I hired a guy to tow me down river. He claimed he had a towboat. Well, the towboat turned out to be a 20-foot launch with an old Buick engine in it, and maybe you think we didn't have a wild ride. We started off at midnight. Our "pilot" didn't know the river after we got two miles below town, but that didn't hold him back. He just kept bowling full tilt into that black wall ahead. All he had to pick up the channel marks was a three-cell flashlight. Every once in a while he would hit something, but it didn't faze him a bit—he would just back off and start all over again. Meanwhile the girl friend and I were back on that big empty boat in the pitch black, pumping to beat hell so she wouldn't sink. It was a swell introduction to the peace and joy of houseboating.

When we got to Dubuque we had the hull fixed up, and we tied our house below the railroad bridge in front of the Star Brewery and moved in. Those were the days, that was the best time: sitting on the deck in the cool evening with a pail of beer, looking at those big steam engines hauling their freight across the bridge, waving at the engineers, who envied us, listening to the towboats blowing for the drawbridge and the nighthawks beeping over the brewery towers.

In the fall of the year I used to go on an annual houseboat expedition up river for the duck hunting in Duncan Glabs's houseboat, which is a very classy job and has the loudest electric generator on the entire Mississippi-Missouri river system. This trip was usually a stag affair and viewed rather dimly by the wives. We used to sit up on the roof as we threaded our way up the channel, taking in those hills and bluffs all yellow and scarlet in the golden autumn haze under a big blue October sky. Somebody always fell in, usually me. We always had engine trouble. And we always had more plain fun than anything else we did all year. Sometimes somebody even shot a duck or two.

That's how it was on the river, and if you're a houseboater that's how it still is in a lot of ways. I've got two houseboats on the Mississippi right now which show vividly the contrast between the old river and the new. One of them is in linsey-woolsey, so to speak, and the other in a bikini. That's another thing about houseboating. You can go up or you can go down the social scale, whichever suits your fancy. You can rise with conspicuous expenditure and have yourself a houseboat that resembles the Caribe Hilton, or you can sink down to the shanty-boat level and wallow in the mud. If you want to really go native you can return to the wood-burning cookstove of our ancestors and use driftwood for fuel, and it's all free, free, free. Now, on the houseboat that we lived in when I got married, on coming home from work I would take off the executive flannels, put on overalls, grab a gunny sack and go pick coal off the railroad tracks. There was also a coalyard across the harbor with no night watchman. Or as a shanty boater from up river once said to me: "The world owes me a living, and I mean to have it." He was in the right place to collect.

Invention of the devil

The next natural step, if your mind operates in the same bizarre way that mine sometimes does, is to take that special invention of the devil, the electric light plant, heave it into the river and go back to kerosene. But be sure to keep the wicks clean. It'll give you something to do on those long lazy afternoons sitting around listening to the fish jumping into your rowboat and asking to be rolled in cornmeal and fried to a medium golden tan. I'll guarantee if you knock off the electricity you won't miss it long.

But it's every man to his own taste, out on the water, and if you want electricity you can have it—in fact you can have anything on a houseboat that you can have in the fanciest house up on dry land except a cellar. Actually, the hull of my big houseboat is five feet deep and it's a pretty good cellar. The whole boat is 80 feet long, with a steel hull. It was formerly a U.S. Army Corps of Engineers quarterboat and office. (A quarterboat is where you quarter men, a sort of floating boarding house for dredge operators, deckhands, launch operators and government men who walk around all day carrying rolls of blueprints and looking wise.) We call the boat *No Bottom*, and the way she got her name was that when I got her the bottom plates had so many holes in them that a friend of mine said, "Why don't you call her *No Bottom*?" This is a pun because *No Bottom* is also what the leadsman cries out, on the river, when he is getting over three fathoms. Anyway, I had her hauled out, and a new bottom put on her. Then I got to work on the rest of her myself, and now she is in the modern vein, with electricity and running water and a water heater and a great big bottled-gas stove and a picture window in it and an oil circulating heater and all that stuff, and I even put in an air-conditioning unit in one of the bedrooms last year to try it out. I hate to admit it, but it was dandy. Sometimes it gets up over 90° on the upper Mississippi and stays there for a couple of weeks. This house has two bunk rooms, a big kitchen and a big living room with two beds and a bathroom with a shower. The bathroom also has a pair of dual johns dating from the Corps of Engineers days and I left them there merely out of lethargy, although they have been known to experience simultaneous occupancy, as I have four kids.

So there you have a floating home with all the conveniences, completely

continued

self-contained and ready to go anywhere from the headwaters to those romantic southern bayous drenched in Spanish moss, and all ports in between. And with plenty of gadgets for the old man to keep himself entertained: fuel lines, pumps, reducer couplings, flange retainers, fuse boxes, drain plugs, traps, circuit breakers, relays, foot valves, gate valves, globe valves—you name it. "What's Daddy doing? He's got the generator apart again." Let me add that the interior of this boat preserves the Corps of Engineers flavor with its white bead-and-match walls, and it is not filled with decorator-type furniture.

In the Daniel Boone manner

Now, my other houseboat, which I keep in a lazy, dreamy slough across the river in Illinois, is more or less in the Daniel Boone manner. This one is really a shanty boat. It floats on 55-gallon oil drums, 60 of them. It is 40 feet long and has no electricity and no running water except the river underneath it. It has an old-fashioned cast-iron cookstove that burns coal, wood, corn cobs, old shoes and fish heads. The toilet requires no float valves or traps as it communicates directly with the current flowing toward the Gulf of Mexico. Heat? The cookstove supplies the heat. Drinking and cooking water comes aboard in a milk can. Lights? Two kerosene mantle lamps. Peace and contentment? Continuous.

Anybody who has ever done any shanty-boating will probably never be the same again. It has a long, glorious and disreputable tradition. Shanty boaters took it in the neck all through the 19th century. "For they are all of the low, ignorant class," as one hoity-toity observer expressed it. He further called attention to "their ribald jokes and low river slang, with the ever-accompanying cheap corn whisky and the nightly riots over cut-throat euchre." This attitude has been changed in the 20th century, and writers are unanimous today in the conviction that all shanty boaters are not only poets but philosophers, and the worse they smell, the pithier their aphorisms.

There are still hundreds and probably thousands of shanty boats on the great Mississippi-Missouri-Ohio river system, especially in the South, where some families have lived on them for generations and neither know nor care for any other life. Says old Harlan Hubbard, an Ohio River shanty boater: "We found our shanty boat such a cheerful and snug place, and our enjoyment of living there so keen, that we felt we were celebrating a continual holiday, one about which the rest of the world did not know." And another thing that Harlan knows about is poking around in drift piles: "Getting in firewood and cutting it up is an adventure. This is partly because drift piles are such fascinating places. They are the shanty boater's wood lot, and while he is poking around in them he keeps his eyes and imagination busy and picks up many useful and even valuable items—a good board or box, a broken piece of furniture that might be black walnut or cherry, a stray oar or spike pole. This kind of collecting is one of the shanty boater's prime instincts." Half my shanty boat is made out of stuff fished out of the river or picked from among the drift piles along its bends.

Shanty-boating is another Last Frontier, just as the wild Mississippi is a perpetual Last Frontier. Engineers have tried to tame the upper Mississippi and have put in locks and dams. But five miles below the towns, with their dime stores and drive-ins, the Mississippi is a wilderness where the beavers paddle on walking canes and the lotus beds lie acres wide, undisturbed under summer skies. They have tried, but they cannot bring this mighty river up to date. She is too big and too independent.

So, how do you get a houseboat? Well, you can buy one of these readymade jobs they have now or, if you are a do-it-yourself guy, you can build your own. A fellow over in Stockton, Ill. just put himself together a houseboat by uniting a wrecked house trailer to a barge and installing twin 155-horse Navy surplus engines. That's one way to get afloat. My brother Fred made himself a Frank Lloyd Wright type of houseboat all with his bare hands in two months, just in his spare time, like learning how to play the C-melody saxophone by mail. It has patent windows, patent doors, a palm court like the Palace Hotel, gaslights and a constant stream of visitors looking for a free drink. Danny Fetgatter has got a furnace in the hull of his big houseboat. And what is his hull made of? A railroad tank car cut in two lengthwise, forming two open-topped pontoons. Bob Woodward's houseboat has a pilothouse on it like a caboose, and Bob Lange's floats on $25,000 worth of Styrofoam. Tom Roshek's houseboat, *The Ark*, has wall-to-wall television, an electric dishwasher that plays tunes while it works and Finnish modern furniture. (Much farther in than Swedish, so they tell me.)

I've seen houseboats propelled by inboards and outboards, and Paul Adams has one that goes with a paddle wheel, on which everything works with push-buttons: it's the fulfillment of a lifetime dream to construct a boat that not even an Einstein could explain. I expect somebody is going to come up with a steam-propelled houseboat one of these days, and it won't surprise me a bit, as the steam fans are getting very active and restless since the steam locomotive has been sent into oblivion.

Even the kids around here make houseboats. Johnny Adams made himself a neat houseboat when he was 12 years old and painted it a ghastly blue color. My nephew Freddie has a houseboat only 11 feet long. It's got a marine clock in it that cost more than the whole house. In fact, everybody in the family seems to have gone houseboat-mad. And I happen to have an essay here on which I am paying royalties of 1¢ a word that I think explains the whole thing much better than I can.

WHAT I LIKE ABOUT HOUSEBOATS

BY SAM BISSELL (AGE 9)

I like houseboats because they float in the water and you can sleep in them. And you can swim by jumping off the deck. You can sit under a tree on the shore studying nachur. And you throw empty cans in the water and throw stones at them. People come to visit, and they have to walk on a board to get on. You can take the houseboat down the river and tie it in the shade. You can fish off the deck. Some times you can see water snakes and mushrats. Steamboats go by and the Captins wave at Pop. On rainy days you can play games and draw pictures of steamboats or towboats or houseboats. Ma cooks a lot of neat food in the galley. Once some bats came flieing out of our old fashnid stove. **END**

COMFORTS OF SUBURBIA AFLOAT

The shanty boats of Richard Bissell's boyhood have blossomed into floating vacation homes with all the split-level comforts of suburbia plus the vagabond delight of cruising on quiet waters



AOVENTURER (*below*) sits on two 37-foot aluminum pontoons It sleeps eight and has hot running water, shower, picture windows and a gas kitchen with oven. The split-level roof is for sunning, and the deck provides extra space for dining Outboard or inboard. Costs about $10,300 without power.

STEEL 32-FOOT CASA CRUISER (*above*) combines a broad V-bottom hull with blunt river-scow bow. Luxury appointments include an enclosed master stateroom, air conditioning and electric refrigeration. With its 100-hp inboard, Casa cruises at 10 mph. Priced about $14,000, including the engine.





AMPHIBIOUS TRAIL-IT (*below*) has retractable wheels that can be unfolded like airplane landing gear so boat can be hauled up on shore, then trailed on road. Gas stove, ice chest and bunks to sleep six are standard equipment. It is powered by outboard or inboard, costs under $4,000 without engine.

FIBER-GLASS DRIFT-R-CRUZE has a molded one-piece planing hull. With an inboard or outboard engine, it can hit 20 mph, top speed for shallow-draft houseboats. Interior is finished in mahogany, doors and windows in aluminum. It sleeps six It is priced under $5,000 without engine.



Drawings by Dan Todd



PLYWOOD LENZ House Cruiser has a flying bridge for sunning Jalousie blinds cover windows Canvas flaps along sides can be drawn to enclose sleeping porch. Facilities include bathtub with hot and cold running water. Powered with an outboard or inboard Priced about $5,000 without engine.

FOOD / *Geoffrey Grigson*

The kitchen secrets of the little green gods

To people of the past—200 years ago or 2,000 years ago—herbs were little green gods. According to the old Greeks, if you used herbs correctly, they would do wonders for you, but if you used any one of them on the wrong occasion or otherwise irked it, the herb would loose demons. Parsley is commonly used today to adorn blue-plate specials, but 19 centuries ago the Roman naturalist Pliny, a living fountainhead of facts—and fancies—insisted that the spirit of parsley would be offended if it were served anywhere but at funeral feasts. Pliny believed that snakes and vipers eat fennel (they do not), and he advised men to do likewise to improve their eyesight. The Greeks, and the Romans after them, planted green bay to ward off lightning, and long after the Roman Empire had gone to pieces, medieval physicians prescribed thyme to cheer up the sick.

Today we are ruled by the heavy hand of scientific fact. We do not sprinkle funerals with parsley or use shrubbery against lightning. In this day of powerful synthetic potions we rarely even use herbal medicines to ward off chills or fevers. Herbs have been relegated to the kitchen, but in this limited realm their magic prevails. If used correctly, a single herb still can perform a variety of wonders; it can make bad English cooking palatable and make very good Italian food taste even better.

All herbs, sweet or sour, bland or piquant, are *best* when picked fresh *from* the garden. Any small patch of soil can be turned into an herb garden if there is a fair share of light and air—too much sun is not necessarily an advantage. The city dweller can keep a few pots on the windowsill: parsley, chives, basil, tarragon and chervil flourish in pots. Don't be afraid to keep cutting the leaves: chives, in particular, grow again very quickly.

From the long list of little green gods that has come down to us from the ancients, I submit here a select 14 that are worth growing, if possible, and worth using, in any case, to add character to a variety of dishes.

PARSLEY. This common herb is the universal improver, used fresh in sauces, salads, with vegetables, and in parsley butter. It is very rich in vitamin C. With a sprig of thyme and a bay leaf it forms the *bouquet garni* the French use in soups, stews and marinades.

GARLIC. As good from the shop as the garden, since only the hard cloves are used. A purist may well say that, by definition, garlic is not an herb, since it is the clove, rather than the stem or leaf, that is used for flavor. Regardless, for Greeks, Romans and our ancestors garlic was a drugstore in itself, a source of strength and courage, even an aphrodisiac. It has too many uses to list, of course. Those who like it in salads should press it right into the dressing rather than rub the bowl with it.

THYME. No English rabbit pie is complete without the strong yet delicate pungency of thyme leaves. This so-called "cheerful" herb has a wide range of uses—on grilled chops and roasts, in heavy soups like minestrone, in stuffings for fowl and in beef stews with red wine.

MINT. This common plant has been used as a refresher and a digestive for more than 2,000 years. In addition to its association with lamb, it gives a tang to many vegetables and, finely chopped, it goes well with fish, soups, stews and braised duck. Cold roast duck resting on freshly picked mint is an excellent summer dish.

SAGE. Another digestive, it is good with chicken, duck or goose, and also in lentil soup. Cheeses with layer on layer of sage leaves are still made in England—another sage cheese is made in Vermont. The Italians use sage for the famous veal dish of Rome, *saltimbocca*, and also in spaghetti sauces.

SWEET BASIL. The name comes from the Greek word for king. This herb, originating in India (where another species of basil is sacred to Vishnu), is not much to look at but exerts a most kingly pungency. It is essential to clear soups and *pesto*, a special sauce for pasta in Ligurian cooking. The Italians apply basil almost with abandon. They have a saying: "Where salt is good, so is basil."

SWEET BAY. Bay leaves are good for making béchamel sauce as well as for marinating fish, for soup, and for roasting or boiling beef. The bay tree can be grown in a tub. If dried leaves are used instead of fresh, you should mince them to get more flavor. Use them in combination with basil and rosemary to enhance pot roast.

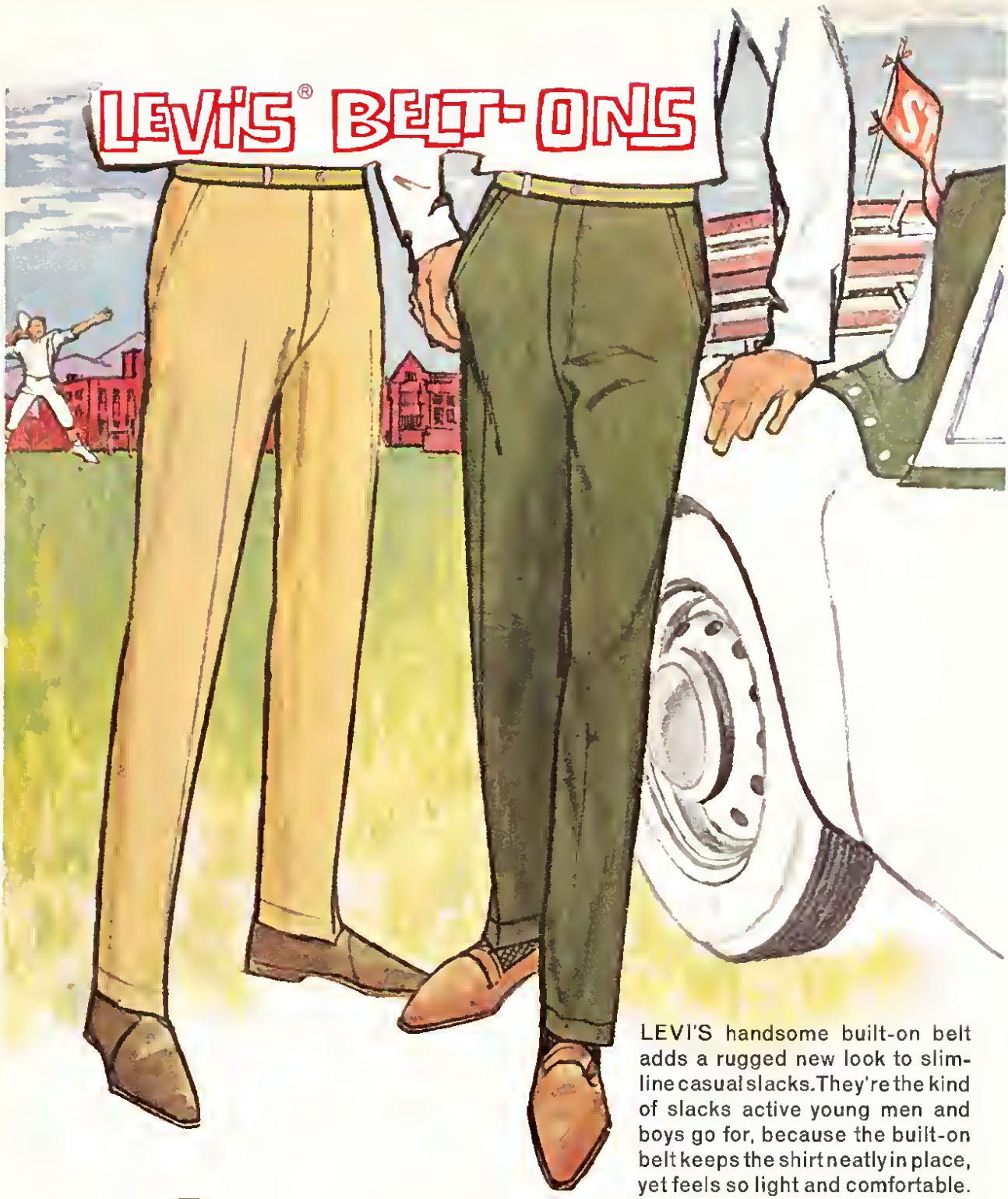
CHERVIL. Easy to grow, and must be used fresh. It is neglected. "Chervil" comes from the name given it by the ancient Greeks, which meant "cheering leaf." Flavor and smell are sweet and spicy, and

continued

Drawing by Gyo Fujikawa

A GARDEN OF HERBS borrowed from the magic brews and witches' caldrons of the past serves to flavor both hot and cold foods today. Most of the 12 shown on the opposite page (including garlic, which is not a true herb) are easily grown, and all of them except savory, chervil and basil are perennials


Sorrel
Savory
Chervil
Thyme
Sage
Mint
Bay
Tarragon
Basil
Garlic
Chives
Parsley



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the leaves are good in lettuce salad, Vinaigrette sauce, an excellent accompaniment to cold lobster, combines chervil with parsley, onion, tarragon and capers, all finely chopped and mixed into an oil-and-vinegar dressing.

CHIVES. The little leek (which was grown in Roman gardens) of mild onion flavor, whose grassy leaves are snipped into scrambled eggs, omelets, salads and cream cheese. The simplest *omelette aux fines herbes* is flavored with finely cut chives and parsley.

TARRAGON, or herb dragon. A wormwood without bitterness, for salads (including sliced tomatoes), omelets, sauces, and tarragon vinegar. Chicken tarragon is one of the classic French dishes.

SUMMER SAVORY. A European annual, rather neglected, which can be employed like thyme in croquettes, meat pies, sausages and stuffing for chicken and veal. Broad beans can be cooked with savory instead of mint.

SORREL. Its name originally meant "sour plant." Sorrel is a refreshing herb, now chiefly famous as the foundation of French sorrel soup. A purée of sorrel is the best possible accompaniment to shad. This herb goes well with roast lamb, veal, goose and pork when used as the prime ingredient of "green sauce"—a sauce made by boiling the sorrel leaves with very little water and mixing the pulp with sugar, wine vinegar and meat juices.

FENNEL. Sweet fennel, sliced raw and served with oil and lemon juice, is a very refreshing summer hors d'oeuvre. The dried stalks and leaves are used in Provence as a bed on which *loup de mer* is grilled. They impart flavor to any similar fish, such as American sea bass.

ROSEMARY. Shining gray-green leaves and blue flowers make rosemary a garden shrub of delight, one that resists considerable winter cold. It is pleasant to crush the scented leaves and stick them into veal or pork or lamb before it goes into the oven. One must be careful with the amount used; rosemary is a strong, penetrating herb.

BORAGE. This annual, spreading its cheerful blue eyes round the garden summer after summer, emits a cucumberish savor. It is good in ravioli stuffing and in cream cheese, goes well with tomato salad and is an excellent garnish for cold salmon platters. It is an exhilarating herb, is reputed to give courage, and has been used in wine cups since the days of Pliny. **END**



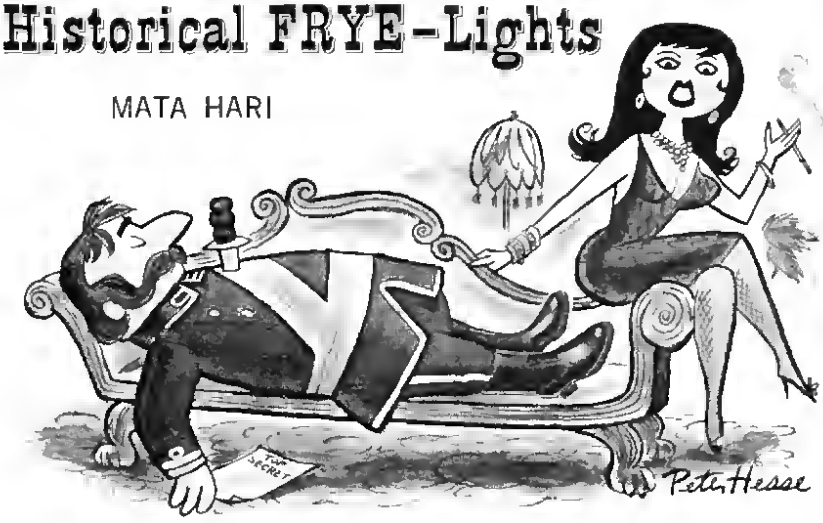
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Class tells—and costs

Well-bred Beau Prince ran away with the Travers and a son of Hyperion brought a big price

With the accent during Saratoga's sales week so decidedly on bloodlines and breeding, it was perfectly apt that in the 92nd running of the Travers last Saturday, the oldest stakes classic in the U.S. should have been won by a son of America's greatest native-born stallion. Beau Prince, Calumet Farm's 3-year-old son of magnificent old Bull Lea, ran away from his seven Travers opponents and won by five and a half lengths over Guadalcanal. Ambiopoise was third and Hitting Away fourth.

A year ago, while Beau Prince was being touted as a dark horse Kentucky Derby winter-book favorite, Trainer Jimmy Jones was so high on the beautifully made colt that he said: "I'm so hopeful for this horse I can hardly wait to get out and see him in the mornings." Clearly, Jimmy's hopes are being justified now, and there seems little doubt that Beau Prince is the most improved 3-year-old around. His sire couldn't improve much on any count. Bull Lea has produced 57 U.S. stakes winners, including Citation, Coaltown, Bewitched, Twilight Tear, Armed, Gen. Duke, Iron Liege, Hill Gail and Yorky.

It can be said, of course, that Beau Prince didn't beat much in his Travers. Where, for example, was Carry Back? Well, Jack Price's colt has not gone into permanent hiding. He's ready for a comeback that is guaranteed to be exciting, whether successful or not. Since finishing up the track in the Belmont, Carry Back has been written off by a lot of people, including many who have been close to him during his long period of convalescence.

But Price says it just ain't so. "Although we know he rapped himself pretty badly in the Belmont," says Price, "all the X rays were negative, and we knew he'd come around again in time. Right now he's never been better and is in perfect health. At Atlantic City I've had him galloping a few times on the turf, and he handled it as if he loves it."



TOP BIDDER C. V. Whitney paid $80,000 for the last foal of racing's most influential sire

On to Paris

Carry Back will probably get a six-furlong race at Atlantic City within a week—and, as usual after a layoff, he'll no doubt be somewhat short for it. Then the Price plan is to aim for the Jerome (for $50,000 at a flat mile on September 2) and from there back to Atlantic City for the mile-and-three-sixteenths United Nations on grass September 16.

"If Carry Back shows he can handle the grass," says Price, "we're definitely going to point him for the Arc de Triomphe at Longchamp on October 8."

After the United Nations, Carry Back will be worked the "wrong" way (or clockwise) on the Atlantic City turf, then go to F. Ambrose Clark's private track at Westbury, L.I. for further schooling, including instruction in getting away from a walk-up start. He'll fly to Paris about 10 days before the Arc and will get at least one workout at Longchamp before attempting the mile-and-a-half up-and-down run considered one of Europe's greatest tests of stamina.

•

Much of the week prior to the running of the Travers was given over to the Fasig-Tipton Company's 41st annual yearling sales, and the slight decline in business was not entirely unexpected. Some 255 youngsters went on the block and brought in $2,706,100 for an average of $10,612. A year ago the company sold 246 head at an average of $11,082. One of the reasons for the drop was undoubtedly the fact that only a few weeks ago the Breeders' Sales Company had put on a sensational auction at Keeneland, breaking five world's records while dispensing 298 yearlings for $4,255,000, an average of $14,177.

At Saratoga the sale was topped by a solid, good-looking chestnut colt by Hyperion who went to C. V. Whitney for $80,000. This wasn't close to the record $130,000 paid at Keeneland by John Olin for a Swaps colt, but it is just as significant. The Hyperion was foaled on February 3, 1960 and is the last of that sire's offspring the racing world will ever see. Hyperion, who was humanely put down last year at the age of 30, has been the most influential stallion throughout the world since the era of St. Simon's productive stud career, which started 75 years ago and lasted after the turn of the century.

Whitney's new colt, out of the Nasrullah mare Nasretta, has a good speed pedigree on his dam side and would appear to be the ideal American type. Even if he doesn't turn out to be a runner, he qualifies on pedigree alone as a future mate for Whitney's many Mahmoud mares. "He has," says Whitney, "as much potential as Mahmoud had, and I got Mahmoud just before the war for the same price. Now that we have retired Mahmoud my farm is weak in sires compared to the mares. This Hyperion colt has a marvelous eye and shows no symptoms of being the product of a very old sire. He will eventually be perfect to breed to any of my mares."

"This is the same to me," said Fasig-Tipton President Humphrey Finney, "as a man in the cattle business paying $50,000 for a particularly good bull. He has the cows and now depends on the bull for the spark." Finney thought this over for a moment, then added. "The only difference, of course, is that in the cattle business you can *eat* your mistakes. But in the horse business. . . ." **END**



CHARLES GOREN / *Cards*

Turnabout at Summer Nationals

The old familiar faces were much in evidence at the American Contract Bridge League's Summer National Championships but at the tournament's end, refreshingly enough, most of the victors were new.

The turnabout began in the first major event decided, the Mixed Team Championships. It was won by ex-Quiz Kid Dickie Freeman (as a youngster, he was actually on that popular radio program of the 40s), playing with Mrs. Louise Robinson of Hendersonville, N.C. and Gloria Turner and Emanuel Hochfeld of Chicago.

Later, New York Diamond Merchant Philip Feldesman teamed with Marshall Miles, an attorney from San Bernardino, Calif., to win the Life Masters pair event. When Feldesman took the Men's Pairs too, it was generally conceded he would win the trophy for the best individual performance in the tournament. That honor, as Miles soon demonstrated, was bestowed prematurely.

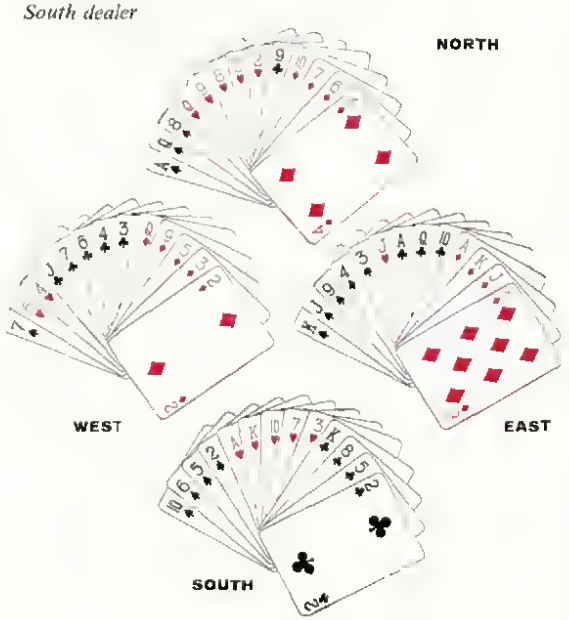
Competing on a team captained by Edwin Kantar of Los Angeles and including only two other players, William Root of New York and Andy Gabrilovitch of Washington, D.C., Miles won the more important Masters Knockout Teams championship. The Kantar team went through the 11 rounds of play—396 hands—using only four members. For his play, Miles was named the outstanding performer in the Summer Nationals.

The team championship might have come to an earlier—if not different—conclusion had my own team not pinned a first defeat in the quarter-final round on Johnny Crawford's hitherto all-winning combination. Our chances looked bleak when, after a disastrous start, we trailed by 33–3 at the end of the first nine hands. Then came hand No. 10 (*see right*), which in the exhibition room was played by Peter Leventritt and Howard Schenken of my own team.

A double at the four level gives partner a choice of bidding or, if he does not have good game-going chances or length in the other major, of remaining silent. Crawford, as West, might have responded with four no trump to ask Rapee to take his choice of the minors. Had he done this, and had East responded with five diamonds, against the normal opening of the king of hearts Crawford and Rapee might have escaped with a set of only one trick, or at most two.

Leventritt took dummy's ace of spades and led the 9 of clubs. East went up with the ace and attempted to collect the king of diamonds before giving his partner a spade ruff. The contract could not have been defeated, but this maneuver cost an overtrick. South trumped the diamond, discarded one of dummy's spades on the king of clubs and conceded a spade trick. Declarer made the rest of the tricks with a crossruff for a score of 990.

Both sides vulnerable
South dealer



SOUTH (*Leventritt*)	WEST (*Crawford*)	NORTH (*Schenken*)	EAST (*Rapee*)
1♥	PASS	4♥	DBL
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: spade 7

In the other room, where my teammates Harold Ogust and Boris Koytchou were East-West, East bid four spades instead of doubling the four-heart bid. South bid five hearts, was doubled, got the spade opening and went down a trick, adding another 200 points to our team's plus, for a comeback of 16 International Match Points. This put us back into the match, which we eventually won by 17 IMPs, 94–77. It caused a three-team round-robin final in which our two teams were joined by the Kantar group. In that final we were decisively defeated by both the Kantar and Crawford teams and wound up third.

That left the title decision hanging on the result of the Crawford-Kantar match. With the lead changing sides as fast as Peter Lorre does to save his neck, the Kantars won out by 11 IMPs, 92–81, but it was Miles who stood out. **END**

The old champion (age 17) bows out

As swimming workouts get tougher, the girls keep getting younger. At the national meet last week, a new young gang made things miserable for retiring champion Chris von Saltza

In the women's swimming championships at Philadelphia last weekend Christine von Saltza, the gentle, mannerly and very powerful 17-year-old who has ruled the chlorinated waters of the world for two years, bowed out of national competition as any woman swimming champion should—by losing all her titles. Each time that von Saltza bobbed her head up out of the froth at the finish—in the 100-meter freestyle, in the 400 meters and in the 200-meter backstroke—there, hanging on the wall in the next lane, she found a panting, grinning 15-year-old home first ahead of her. After her third loss to the 15-year-olds, on the final day of the meet Champion von Saltza scratched from the 200-meter freestyle, graciously surrendering her last (and best) opportunity to strike back at the youngsters so that a teammate would have a better chance to make the women's team that will tour Europe.

For some years now—even before towheaded Chris von Saltza joined the big swim as a gangling 12-year-old in 1956—U.S. swimming has been ruled by youngsters. This year the look of extreme youth showed even in the big smiles of the new champions. The first four winners all wore braces, like irksome badges of adolescence, on their teeth.

To start the assault, Carolyn House of Los Angeles, a sleek youngster with a veteran's remarkable instincts about pace, won the long and tedious 1,500 meters (and subsequently the 400 meters and 200 meters as well). Next, another lesser-known 15-year-old, Robyn Johnson of the Northern Virginia Athletic Club, touched out von Saltza in a cavalry-charge finish in the 100-meter freestyle. Then Jean Ann Dellekamp of Indianapolis, age 14, won the 200-meter breaststroke. Then rosy-cheeked Nina Harmar of Philadelphia, age 15, took the 200-meter backstroke to give the veteran von Saltza her second defeat.

The string of wins by the brace-wearers was finally broken when Donna de Varona, the Olympic veteran, with teeth perfect enough to throw an orthodontist into a fit of despair, won the 400-meter individual medley in 5:34.5, breaking her own world record.

At 17, the mind wanders

Shaking her head over her losses, Dethroned Champion von Saltza confessed, "What it is, I just don't know." And her coach, George Haines of the Santa Clara Swim Club, could do no better than offer a partial answer. "It's the year after the Olympics," he said, "and the incentive is gone. Chris is entering Stanford in the fall, and she has other things on her mind."

Why are most of the winning women barely old enough for high school? In the results at Philadelphia there was a bit more of an answer than Coach George Haines gave. The 14-year-olds and 15-year-olds at Philadelphia had an uncommon and irrepressible urge to win. For the up-and-coming swimmer, a victory over an Olympic champion is, in a certain sense, a way of earning a gold medal in a non-Olympic year. After touching out von Saltza in the 100-meter freestyle and placing second (again ahead of von Saltza) in the 400-meters, newcomer Robyn Johnson said simply, "I wanted to beat Chris very much." With this one thing on her mind, Miss Johnson went out and did it.

The impatience of youth to be served was particularly manifest in the breaststroke. Last year's 200-meter champion, Ann Warner, did not get into the finals. Jean Ann Dellekamp, the 14-year-old who did win the 200-meter breaststroke, was beaten to the wall the next day in the 100-meter event by a 13-year-old, Dale Barnhard of the Congressional Country Club. Little Miss Upstart Barnhard had barely squeezed into the 100-meter race. She had been obliged to race in a swim-off for the privilege of using the choppy, guttery eighth lane in the finals. Swimmers in the outside lanes are not supposed to win big-time races (and rarely have since the Hungarian Ferenc Osik sneaked by the Americans and Japanese to steal a gold medal at the Berlin Games), but Miss Barnhard, being just a kid, apparently does not know such things. "I guess," she explained, "I was just happy to be in the race."

Donna de Varona, baby of last year's Olympic teams, is finally 14 (she has had fame so long it now seems she was 13 for about three years). Miss de Varona celebrated the passing of another year by taking not only the 400-meter but also the 200-meter medley in record time (2:35.0, an American record, since the 200-meter event is not on the international list). To top it off, she came very close to a third title, barely losing the 100-meter backstroke to 15-year-old Nina Harmar. Though at 14 Miss de Varona is well traveled and has signed more autographs in North America, Asia and Europe than most Americans have checks, she retains the resilience and single-mindedness of a young swimmer not yet jaded by the taste of chlorine or the wonders of the world abroad. The day she swam the 400-meter medley she gashed both legs when a car door closed on them. Coach Haines, ordinarily a cool man, became voluble. Miss de Varona paid the injury no mind, and



A CHAMPION STEPS DOWN as Olympian Chris von Saltza (*fourth from right*) stands on podium flanked by Robyn Johnson, who beat her by a touch, and other 100-meter finalists.

after breaking the world's record merely observed that her legs "felt a little weak on the last lap."

It was not until the final day that a 17-year-old kept one honor away from the onrush of youth. After losing her 100-meter title to 16-year-old Susan Doerr in world record time (1:08.2), Becky Collins, in her last national race before going to college to think of other things, set a new world record, winning the 200-meter butterfly in 2:32.8. Showing remarkable pep for a girl of such advanced age, she said, "It was either win this one or drag me out of the pool."

Obsolescence at sweet 16

Five years ago a woman swimming champion over 20 was a rarity. Today, in any of the finals, 18-year-olds are hard to find. As the records fall, the interval training workouts get longer and harder, but the girls keep getting younger. Why? Largely because it is what the girls—some girls at least—want to do. A mother at poolside in Philadelphia overseeing her daughter, a tidbit-sized 14-year-old, 4 feet 9 inches tall, ruefully observed, "I've tried to get her interested in other things, in dancing and tennis, but so far, no luck."

Quite beyond the zeal that any girl needs to work out lap after lap, swimming coaches now recognize something that few other coaches do: the growing human body will absorb a tremendous amount of physical work. The two-a-day and three-a-day swimming workouts that were considered out of line for college men 20 years ago are today eaten up by 12-year-old girls.

The competitors at a women's nationals today are a chattering and cheerful throng, dressed in shorts and skirts and above-the-knee muu-muus and any sort of outlandish getup. But in their cheerful presence there is always a touch of sadness. As one official watching the stream of youth at Philadelphia pointed out, "By the time the next Olympics rolls around, you may not see any of these girls. They come and go that fast." **END**

LAST INNING OF AN ANGRY MAN

by TY COBB

Shortly before his death last month Ty Cobb—the greatest and most criticized of baseball players—wrote prophetically, "My time is running short. . . . My critics have had their innings. I will have mine now." In the following passages excerpted from 'My Life in Baseball—The True Record' (written with Sportswriter Al Stump; to be published by Doubleday in September) Cobb gives for the first time—and in sensational detail—his own account of his tumultuous and unhappy first years in the game. A major contribution to the literature of sport as well as to the history of baseball, Cobb's story sheds light on the psychological factors that made him not only an aggressive, imaginative, daring performer, but a contradictory, controversial and often unpleasant human being. Both his feats and his character will be discussed as long as baseball is played.

My father, a lifelong scholar, was determined to drum into me while I was still a shirttail kid a precept of Lord Byron's—"Proud with the proud, yet courteously proud." "Hell is paved with big pretensions, Ty," he'd lecture me. He spotted the false pride that was growing in me early. Our community in Banks County, Ga., where I was born December 18, 1886, was a struggling place. Corn and cotton were subsistence crops for most, and the damage of the Civil War was far from repaired. My own family's lot was happier. We had status and somehow the idea of staring at the rump of a balky mule while I steered a plow didn't strike me as fitting work.

However, my father, Professor William Herschel Cobb, had become a landowner, with upwards of 100 acres of tillable bottom soil. He also had a son who he saw needed some comeuppance. "Ten acres," he said, pointing to a stretch of land that seemed to me to reach to Tennessee. "Eight of cotton, two of corn. Tyrus, I want you to get that ground ready for crop-planting."

A certain young lady had attracted my attention, and whenever I saw her coming I picked the lowest spot on the field I could find. I was ashamed to have her see me in overalls doing manual labor. And there was always a ball game going on near by, and I could hear the yells, but I wasn't in it.

I had a stern and strong father. He was mayor of Royston and county school commissioner, in addition to being a mathematics professor. He was born in rural North Carolina and was in his early 20s when he met my mother, Amanda, the daughter of Captain Caleb Chitwood, a well-to-do plantation owner. I was their first child. John Paul came two years later. Then Florence Leslie, about five years later.

There was another powerful male influence in my early life; my grandfather, John Cobb, the squire of a section of the Blue Ridge Mountains near Murphy, N C. Summertime I was allowed to visit Grandpa and Grandma Cobb. Grandpa was a legend in his time—an antislavery Republican, although he'd fought for the Confederacy, a farmer by vocation, a wise and eloquent soul. Short and lean, about 5 feet 6, he had a bad back which stamped an expression of pain permanently on his face. Yet he was always ready to jump into an adventure with me. Possum and squirrel were plentiful around Murphy, and I owned a little old bench-legged hunting hound named Old Bob. Nights I'd huddle snugly under Grandma's homemade comforters, and I'd hear Old Bob bellering in the woods. I knew what it meant, but I coveted my warm bed. At 2 or 3 a.m. here would come the candle, with Grandpa's nightcap and beard behind it. "Tyrus," he'd say, shaking me as I feigned sleep. "He's calling you. Old Bob's out there just begging for your help. Up you get, son."

So I'd have to drag myself out there, chop down the tree that contained the possum Old Bob had cornered and polish him off for the family pot.

My grandparents had nothing against my playing ball in Murphy. At home, Father wasn't so agreeable. He could see nothing useful in whacking a string ball around a cow pasture and then chasing around the bases while an opponent tried to retrieve said pill and sock you with it. That was one of the rules of town ball. If the fielder could hit the base runner with the ball, the latter was out. Also, a home run entitled the hitter

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OLD PHOTO FROM FORGOTTEN GAME SHOWS DETERMINED COBB RACING PAST THIRD. FOR COBB EVERY PLAY WAS BREATHTAKING

to another turn at bat. If you kept on homering, you could swing all day.

It wasn't that I gave baseball a second thought as a career. My overwhelming need was to prove myself a real man. Playing ball there was a chance to become more than another schoolboy and the son of Professor Cobb. I sent away for books on How to Sprint advertised in the *Police Gazette* and spent hours practicing fast starts and pumping my knees high. When I could escape school, plowing chores and Baptist Sunday school, I tried out for the Royston Reds. I wasn't yet 15, and I looked like a horsefly in comparison with the husky 18-to-25-year-olds who played for Royston. But they couldn't shoo me away.

When Royston's Reds played in such adjacent towns as Elberton and Commerce, I stayed at home, inhaling dust behind the family mule. It was the catcher for the Reds—Bob McCreary, who worked in the town bank and also managed the team—who finally cracked the ice a bit with Father. On the promise that McCreary, a brother Mason of my father's, would keep a sharp eye on me I was allowed to make a road trip to Elberton, Ga., 30 miles away.

The Elbertons were a pretty catty bunch, and their pitcher was a lanky fireballer with good control. I managed a couple of singles; then I came up in the final inning with the score tied and a Royston runner on base. I was surprised

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that my knees didn't knock. I felt comfortable despite the hollering Elberton fans. And no poet, however great, could describe my sensation when I cowtailed a pitch for my third single of the day—the game-breaking hit. We'd won, and I returned to Royston a boy hero. Once an athlete feels the peculiar thrill that goes with victory and public praise, he's bewitched. He can never get away from it.

Early in 1904 I secretly wrote letters of application to every team in the South Atlantic League. Only Augusta answered—"This will notify you that you are free to join our spring practice, with the understanding that you will pay all your expenses." I signed a contract (without telling Professor Cobb) calling for $50 a month salary if I made the team. Faced with the desperate need for railway fare, I stalled furiously until the night before I had to catch the Southern Railroad spur line south. Then I had no choice but to talk it over with my father. I confessed to my contractual agreement with the Augusta team, outlined my reasons and waited for the roof to fall in. Striding up and down the room, he spoke gravely, his measured words bearing down on the absolute necessity for an education.

It was 3 o'clock in the morning before he began to tire. I think he knew that if he refused I'd be out the window during the night and hiking. He walked to his roll-top desk, sat down and began writing checks. He wrote six of them, each for $15. He feared I'd shoot the bankroll before proving my point if he handed me a lump sum. "You've chosen. So be it, son," he said. "Go get it out of your system and let us hear from you."

At the Augusta park my first manager, Con Strouthers, barely looked at me. "Get into the clubhouse and get dressed," he grunted and walked off.

I was the only candidate who had paid his own way to camp. I was the only one buying his own steaks and bed. Emerging in my bright-red Royston uniform, I must have been a laugh to those pros. I hustled balls and hung wistfully around the batting box, not invited to take any swings. Through the exhibition schedule, I didn't get into a game. Then came the grand opening-day contest against Columbia, S.C. Our first baseman, Harry Bussey, was ineligible to play, which meant shifting the center fielder to first. Strouthers sent me to center field. When I batted my second or third time Engle, the Columbia pitcher, fired one into my groove. Lining it into left field, I tore around the bases as if my pants were on fire. When I slid into the plate for an inside-the-park homer, I thought, this isn't so hard.

When Strouthers called me into his office two days later, I was sure he was going to offer me a regular contract, which meant that my expenses would be picked up by the club. "Bussey just got a telegram reinstating him," Strouthers said. "You're released."

I went out of there angry and sick. Back at the hotel I ran into Thad Hayes, a young pitcher from Mobile who'd drawn his own pink slip two days earlier. Thad said he had a friend who was managing a semipro team in Anniston, Ala. We crammed ourselves into an upper berth for the train ride to Anniston. Anniston was impressed enough to pay me $65 a month, throwing in board and room with the family of a Mr. Darden, a well-to-do steel executive, who set a table that was most welcome.

I was leading the Southeastern League with a .370 average when the Augusta club decided it could use me after all. For one thing, Con Strouthers had been dropped as manager. Returning to Augusta, I managed a modest .237 for my on-again-off-again season's record there. That winter Andy Roth, the new manager, sent me a feeler for the 1905 season.



COBB DENIED HE WAS A RUTHLESS BASE RUNNER, BUT OLD PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS HIM

I demanded $125 a month—quite a salary for an 18-year-old with 37 games of organized ball behind him. Augusta finally agreed. Andy Roth ran what was called a joy club. That is, the players blithely went through the motions and had nighttime fun. As an impressionable kid, I fell into the spirit of things. I was fast losing all ambition to go higher in the game. The Augusta surroundings satisfied me pretty well, and I had no desire to reach the far-off big league.

But in the summer of 1905 a fateful thing happened to me. Roth was released as manager. George Leidy, an outfielder, succeeded him. Leidy was an oldtime minor league star, quiet, fatherly and bighearted. One night, playing Savannah, I strolled to the outfield with a bag of popcorn in my hand. We had a 2–0 shutout going, when a fly ball was hit my way. The popcorn flew one way

while the ball bounced off my glove and a run scored.

On the bench Leidy stared at me reflectively. That night he dropped by my room. The weather was steaming hot, and in those little Georgia towns riding a trolley car out to the amusement park was the thing to do. "Let's go for a ride, Ty," George said.

We rode, and he began to talk. He



LEAPING SPIKES HIGH AT THE CATCHER

was well aware that I was not yet 19 and that I thought playing the clown made me a real joy-team member. He said what I had done was unbecoming in any player, but in my case it was worse. "Baseball is serious work," he said, "and you have natural ability." He drew castles in the air. Why, he said, I'd see towns that would make Augusta look like a whistle stop. "Ty, I think you can go down in the history books," he said. "But not unless you keep your eye on the ball every minute."

Nothing ever affected me more. "I'll do what you say," I said emotionally.

George showed me what he meant. Out in the park each morning, he would spread a sweater down the first-base line and then step into the pitcher's box. The sweater was on the exact spot where a bunted ball was almost impossible to field. For hours, day after day, with an arm long since dead, he threw to me and I bunted. Bit by bit I got the knack of applying the bat squarely but with a withdrawing movement of the arms that softly placed the ball on the target. Next, George showed me how to poke a hit-run ball through the hole left by the infielders while covering second base. My first inside baseball came from Leidy—the reason I made good in the majors was Leidy.

From a .260 hitter that season I now climbed to a .326 mark. My transfer to the majors happened this way: Detroit had held spring training in Augusta in '05 and had left behind Pitcher Eddie Cicotte in lieu of certain training expenses and with the understanding that the Tigers were entitled to the pick of the Augusta team for the additional sum of $500. The man they wanted was Clyde Engle. Engle, however, had slowed down in the dog days of August. And Detroit needed outfield help fast. So I was picked up by the scruff of the neck and tossed into the big show—for $500 and an added $250 for immediate delivery.

I knew scouts from major teams were following Augusta, but it hadn't crossed my mind that they were interested in me. And, in fact, when the news came, it was overshadowed by tragedy. August 9 arrived, the blackest of days. A message came that my father had been killed in a gun accident in Royston. In my grief it didn't matter much when George Leidy told me that I now belonged to the Detroit Tigers.

I arrived in Detroit from Augusta at around 10:30 p.m., the night before a game with the New York Highlanders. I went looking for a hotel, carrying my total possessions: one suitcase, one uniform roll containing my suit, spare underwear and dirty laundry, my pancake-style Spalding glove and a couple of favorite bats. The next morning I inquired the way to Bennett Field, then the Tigers' park, and hiked over there. Old Bennett seated only 8,500. But it looked gigantic to me. At the clubhouse I signed a contract for $1,800 per season, but it was now so late in the season I could count on only a month's pay.

After signing I met Bill Armour, the manager. He was a fashion plate, with an impressive walrus mustache. He never wore a uniform in the dugout. I have a clear memory of sitting beside him on the Tigers' bench before the game with the Highlanders; he had me, a babe in the woods, batting fifth in the lineup. I scarcely heard his soothing words. The evidence that I'd rushed things was all around me. Until that day—my first in a big-time park—I'd never dreamed that men could field and hit so wonderfully.

The New York pitcher was Jack Chesbro, who'd won a record 41 games the season before. When Chesbro cranked up and fired his overhand spitter—loaded with slippery elm—it came up to the plate like a standard fast ball and then took a diaholical dive under your bat. The Detroit *Journal* wasted very few words about me the next day. "Cobb, the juvenile outfielder from Atlanta, made his first appearance and was given a hospitable hand." The *Free Press* said a little more: "First time up, Chesbro poured two fast strikes past the uneasy lad. But then the Georgian whaled the next off the centerfield wall for a delightful double that scored his man. Second time up, he drew a walk and was thrown out stealing." We won, 5–3, and I made a clean hit off the meanest delivery in the business. That night I was floating off the ground. Then things changed.

I had almost everything in the book to learn. My break-in period with the Tigers was the most miserable and humiliating experience I've ever been through. I didn't suspect that some of my clubmates would hate me for the aggressive style I adopted; I wasn't prepared to be hazed and ostracized and jockeyed into fist fights with men bigger and older. In dealing first with these heartaches perhaps some glaring misconceptions about me will be cleared up. The essential point to be understood is that at 18 I was fighting for my professional life. Much circulation has been given to the story that I was a prodigy, a baseball natural. That story couldn't be more untrue. Mel Ott averaged .383 as a freshman major leaguer, Honus Wagner opened with a .344. My own rookie mark of .240 for 41 games looks pale alongside those performances. To set the record straight, I

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was anything but a born ballplayer. The ax hung over my head, ready to drop.

But for some reason Armour gave me another chance the next spring. Over the 1905–1906 winter Detroit acquired Davey Jones, a fleet outfielder and a great leadoff man. That meant the three outfield jobs were up for grabs among Sam Crawford (a cinch), Matty McIntyre (a light hitter but a good ball hawk), Davey Jones and Ty Cobb.

Who'd sit on the bench? It wouldn't be McIntyre, if a tightly organized clique could help it. At first there were no open clashes. McIntyre and his roommate, Twilight Ed Killian, began by locking me out of the hotel bathroom the players shared. During Pullman rides a soggy wad of newspaper would fly down the aisle and smack me in the neck. At batting practice I'd be jostled aside and told, "Get out to the infield, sandlotter." I cherished the fine ash bats I had collected. I found them smashed.

I now found myself eating alone, cold-shouldered in the clubhouse, and unable to find a permanent roommate. I had excellent reason to believe that it was Charlie Schmidt, a catcher, a burly 200-pound ex-miner from Coal Hill, Ark., who smashed my bats. Schmidt—in time—became my good friend, and was most likable, except when conned into fighting. We first clashed during a spring training trip down South, more of a wrestle than a fight. Moving into Mississippi, my tormentors told Charlie that I was claiming I licked him. At Hattiesburg I had just laced my shoes and was walking toward the field when I heard a voice growl my name. I turned, and Schmidt's punch caught me a crushing wallop that knocked me flat and broke my nose.

From then on a terrible anger was in me. Anger, hatred and humiliation. When I found my hat impaled on a hat rack, minus its crown, I walked up to my tormentors and said, "Whoever did this to my hat, stand up, you——!" They just grinned at me. I stalked down the aisle during a Pullman ride, raging mad, and yelling, "Get on your feet, the——who threw that!" But they wouldn't fight. I ate alone, roomed alone, walked alone.

My only support came from Wild Bill Donovan, the pitcher, who said to me, "Stick up for your rights." Toward the end of the season of 1906 my feud with McIntyre became so bad that the Tigers were dropping games because of it. In a game in St. Louis, George Stone drove a ball between me and McIntyre, splitting our positions. I broke for it and saw he hadn't budged. So I stopped dead still. The ball bounced between us and on to the fence for a home run.

Back at the dugout, the pitcher, Ed Siever, cursed me. Where I came from, men were killed for saying what he said. I jumped up and stood over him. "Get up! Get on your feet!" I shouted at him. He didn't get up. But that night at the Planter's Hotel I came down the staircase and wandered over to the cigar counter, when Siever edged up. Wild Bill Donovan put a hand between us. Siever muttered something and retreated to a corner of the lobby, where he huddled with McIntyre and others. I eased behind one of the lobby columns to listen in. Suddenly Siever came around the column, moving fast. He was a left-handed puncher as well as pitcher, and started one that would have removed my head if it had landed. But I smothered the blow and let go all my pent-up emotion. I hit him a right to the jaw that started him down and connected several times more as he was falling.

On the train leaving St. Louis I ran into Tom McMahon, our trainer. "You did one thing wrong," he said. "You kicked Siever after you had him down."

"I didn't have to kick him," I replied. To get to my berth I had to pass through a narrow aisle and there, stretched out on a seat, was Siever. "They tell me I kicked you," I said. "I don't recall any such thing. But if I did, I apologize."

He mumbled, "I'll get you."

In bed that night I didn't sleep. It was more than possible that I'd be attacked during the night. If so, I was ready. And I remained ready, *until* the day came when I was established as a Detroit regular and, one by one, my antagonists dropped away. Through 1906 I was harassed to the point of hating to show up at the park, and in the spring of 1907 the Tigers came close to trading me away. A deal was discussed that would have sent me to New York in exchange for Billy Hogg, a 14-game pitcher. Also, Hughie Jennings, our new manager, had a dicker working with Cleveland—me for Elmer Flick, a .311 outfielder. "How come you want to get rid of Cobb?" Jennings was asked.

"Too many fights," Jennings replied.

The one and only way I could see to settle the clique's hash was to outhustle and, if possible, outplay all members of it. Starting in 1907, a period of emergence began for me. By July the Chicago White Sox had won 53 and lost 33 and led the American League over Detroit, with 49–33. In Boston we knocked off the Red Sox in a nip and tuck game, aided by my 11th-inning double off Charley Pruitt. Moving to New York, I was in right field when Frank LaPorte of the Highlanders sliced a drive that looked good for three bases. With two out, a pair of New Yorkers were on base, and they went dashing for home. Tearing after the ball, I ran out of my shoes but saw I wasn't going to make it, so I took off in a headlong dive and stabbed out barehandedly. The ball smacked my palm and stuck there long enough for me to clench it. I plowed up grass for half a dozen feet, somersaulted twice and held up the ball for the umpire. A vast *whoosh* of disappointment came from the crowd. It sounded like a gasbag had exploded. Two New York runs had scored, but the catch ended the inning and the runs did not count.

I gashed my thumb, and whenever I hit the dirt in a slide the wound broke open and bled freely. Charley Schmidt said in an interview: "Cobb loses a pint of blood every time he slides!" It was more like a thimbleful. But it helped break the ice with my teammates, and Schmidt began to act like my press agent.

As 1907 rolled along, my bat average rose above .330. And I made a wonderful discovery. I learned the value of playing on an opponent's nerves and forcing miscues. I did desperate things that got me a reputation as a fool base runner who'd take wild chances. Against Cleveland on June 27, 1907 I scored four runs for the first time in one game. On July 18, against Washington, I stole three bases for the first time. On October 2,

playing the Nats again, I got away with four steals for the first time in my life.

The 1907 fight for the World Series money was one of the wildest I ever saw. We went into New York needing 14 of the remaining 16 games to grab the pennant. In a tense, 10-inning pitching duel between Slow Joe Doyle of the Highlanders and Twilight Ed Killian for our side I was the runner on first and got the hit and run sign. Claude Rossman, our lanky first baseman, was at bat. With his long arms that could reach anything around the plate, Rossman was one of the most dependable hit-run men I ever knew. But this time he missed the ball, and the Highlander catcher fired to second to catch me on the slide. The ball was a bit wide and bounced off Danny Hoffman's glove into shallow right field. I tore for third. It looked like sure-enough suicide. Hoffman's throw had me beat. But I watched Third Baseman LaPorte's eyes as he reached for the ball and swerved my body into the way. It bounced off my hip, and I was safe.

There were two out, and Germany Schaefer, at bat, was in a slump. When Pitcher Doyle wound up I dashed in almost halfway to the plate and then hastily retreated. Each dash down the baseline was an experiment to see if I could go all the way. Doyle wound again, and this time I kept going. Germany Schaefer was so startled to see me coming that he half swung, and topped the ball toward third, enabling me to cross the plate without bothering to slide. But Germany still had to beat the throw to first to make my run count. My unorthodox tactics had Doyle so unstrung he momentarily fumbled Germany's topper, and the game was over, by a score of 1–0.

It filled me with delight to find that you could arrange for the other gents to beat themselves by applying pressure at the psychological moment—even great players. In that same New York series I walked, and Rossman sacrificed. The bunt was handled slick as a whistle and fired to Hal Chase, the "Prince" of first basemen. The play was routine enough, and Chase, assuming I'd stop at second, gloved the ball and then dropped his meat hand. I was already bearing down on third base. Both mortified and momentarily paralyzed, Chase fired hastily. The throw pulled the third baseman toward left field for a reaching stop. Being safe at third, by all odds, I should have stopped there. But to throw home the third baseman had to recover from his awkward position. That was all the edge I needed, and I slid under his throw to the plate and scored.

We finally took the championship from the A's by a final hairbreadth margin of .613 to .607. Detroit didn't go to bed for two nights running. The rewards of being a winner began to pour in on me, leaving me fairly dizzy. With a .350 batting mark, I took my first American League title, and tied Honus Wagner, also with .350 in the National League, for the over-all championship.

I have been roughed up in print possibly more than any man who ever played at sport. It was Bugs Baer (among many writers) who convinced the country that I sat on a Detroit bench, whetting my spikes razor-sharp with a file, and then putting them to bloody use on the base paths. In legend I am a sadistic, slashing, swashbuckling despot who

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HARD-FACED TIGERS won the pennant in 1907. Top row: John Eubank, Claude Rossman, Wahoo Sam Crawford, Wild Bill Donovan, George Mullin, Ed Willett, Freddy Payne, Twilight Ed Killian. Middle row: Davey Jones, Jerry Downs, Ty Cobb, Bill Coughlin, Germany Schaefer, Elijah Jones. Bottom: Ed Siever, Jimmy Archer, Eeyah Hughie Jennings, Charlie Schmidt, Charlie O'Leary. Schmidt broke Cobb's nose, and Ty was accused of kicking Siever, but by 1907 their amazing drive for pennant united quarreling team.

waged war in the guise of sport. The truth is that I believe, and always have believed, that no man, in any walk of life, can attain success who holds in his heart malice, spite or bitterness toward his opponent.

But I did retaliate. If any player took unfair advantage of me, my one thought was to strike back as quickly and effectively as I could. One of the scurvier stories marketed about me concerns Frank Baker. He was a clever third baseman and lifetime .307 hitter but better known as one of the original popularizers of the home run. On August 24, 25 and 26 of 1909, the Tigers met the Athletics at Bennett Park, Detroit, in a critical three-game series, the A's having a two-game lead in the flag race. In the opening match of the series, while sprinting for third, I found Baker planted in a direct line between third base and second as he fielded the throw. He was in a strictly offensive attitude. The base path was mine by all the rules. Baker's two arms were extended to tag me. A photograph exists clearly showing that the bag is on his right side, that he is on the attack and that I am pulling away from him in order to hook that bag. But the fable makers will have you believe that I knocked Baker's arm clear behind his back. They paint Baker as sprawled flat in the dirt and blood-smeared. He was not injured enough to lose an inning of play, then, or for the remainder of the season.

The small scrimmage would have been forgotten but for a Philadelphia writer, who said I had cold-bloodedly butchered, maimed and probably marred the hero of the A's for life. The race with the A's stayed hot, and in mid-September we rolled into a Philadelphia that was hot for revenge. "A cauldron of Cobb hatred," Grantland Rice described it. By now I had received 13 Black Hand letters promising to shoot me dead. We lost three of the four games to Philadelphia but held on to win the pennant with a .645 mark to the A's .621.

But the Baker hoax never cooled off. My running feud with Philadelphia because of it reached a climax three years later in midseason of 1912. We were down in sixth place and out of it. Boston, Philadelphia and Washington were locked in a dogfight for first place. Detroit had three consecutive double-headers scheduled in Philadelphia. Up in Boston, where we gave the Red Sox a tanning, it struck everyone that Cobb might be able to help win the pennant for Boston. I didn't need to be urged. My fondest wish was to knock my accusers out of the World Series.

So I picked up a phone and called Stoney McLinn, sports editor of the Philadelphia *Press*. "Hello, Stoneyard," I said. "I'm calling to warn you that I'm going to do a job of hitting against your team that will make you sick." I may even have added that I'd be gunning for a new record for base hits for a six-game series. I don't recall, for sure. But Stoney spread it in banner lines.



COBB'S FIERCE EYES were characteristic; they never softened despite wealth and honors

The A's of 1912 were solid talent, one of the finest teams Mr. Mack ever assembled. In the opening twin bill his starting pitchers were Eddie Plank and Chief Bender. My contribution against Plank was four hits in six times up, and against Bender three hits in five trips.

Next afternoon the Macks used Herb Pennock, a rookie southpaw, and Carroll Brown, a high-balling righty. I touched Pennock for five hits in five tries and Brown for two in three at bats. Now I had 14 base hits in 19 attempts, and we had whipped the A's four straight. Against a Plank-Pennock combination in the final two-game set, I connected four times to end the Philadelphia games with 18 for 28 and a .643 average.

I consider this the best series performance of my life. It was repayment in full for the Frank Baker slander, and it put a certain amount of quietus on the Black Hand letters. When we swept that series, we knocked the Athletics out of the Series, which went to Boston.

Commercialism, television, a breakdown in the old procedure in trading players, the wrecking of traditional league lines by adding new clubs have put the grand old game in jeopardy. The fabric of baseball is crumbling.

The greatest mistake has been the cheapening of all that was really meant to matter when the game of baseball was originally hammered out. Baseball is a contest meant to be settled *within* a definitely confined area, bounded by fences. *Within* this geometric area, great feats can take place. *Within* a space where 18 men compete, skill at hitting and handling and throwing the ball is the essence of the activity. Ball games are not meant to be settled by 250-foot Chinese home runs sailing out of the park, where no play can be made upon them.

Fans used to hang open-mouthed over the rails—every play was a breath-taking event, not merely an inconsequential moment within a welter of long hits. Baseball has gone swing crazy. The league's leading hitters rarely, if ever, sacrifice or steal a base, because they are all power and no versatility. The runner loose on the base paths is the most spectacular sight of all. But why bother to steal today, when some humpty-dumpty strong boy can pull a dynamite-laden ball over phony fences to drive in the runners?

Let's get rid of the intentional base on balls. I don't know of anything more tiresome. And let's give the pitcher a break. Enlarge the strike zone to where it used to be measured: from the armpits to the knees. Pitching should be a fine art, not a drudgery, with corps of relievers marching in and out, boringly and endlessly. One final suggestion. If changes are to be made, let baseball men make them. There are still enough baseball men with brains to do what's right. But they had better hurry. **END**



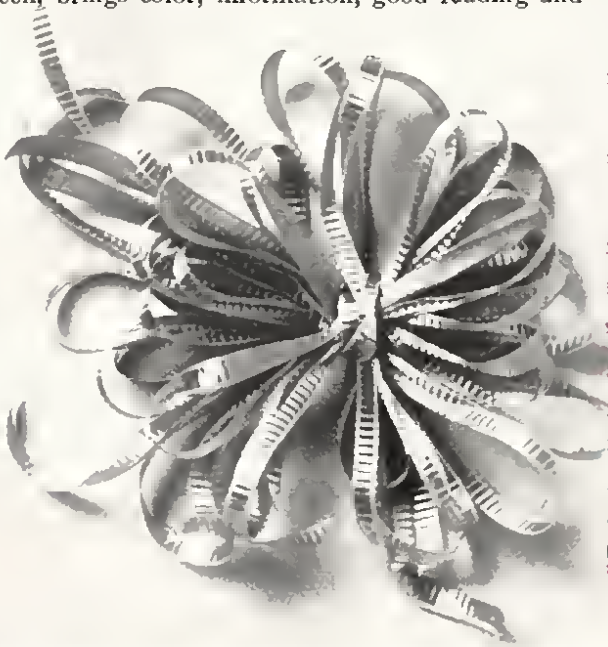
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YOUR COMMENTS INVITED. *Write: Chairman of the Board, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Center, Los Angeles 17, California.*

Union Oil Company OF CALIFORNIA 76

THE WEST'S OLDEST AND LARGEST INDEPENDENT

Everything but a Horse

That is the only item Miller's, an equestrian shop with a worldwide clientele, cannot supply the horseman

by **GEORGE WALSH**

Miller's, an egalitarian New York equestrian establishment that makes no distinction between man and beast, claims that it carries 1) everything for the horseman and 2) everything for the horse. This assertion is perfectly true (Miller's catalog lists everything from jodhpurs to jowl hoods), and the store is entitled to do a bit of boasting about it. Nonetheless, there is one item of merchandise that Miller's does not carry and that is the horse itself.

Joe Miller, the store's president, recalls the day he made this decision. "It was in the mid-1940s," he says, peering owlishly over his horn-rim glasses. "Carriages were selling very well—gasoline was rationed—and we were also selling the horses to pull them." A dealer called Miller up and said, "Joe, I've got a horse your customers will love, a horse a little girl can drive." Miller went to the man's stable, took one look at the animal and left like going home. "His eyes were rolling in two different directions. He nearly kicked two grooms to death while they were hitching him up." Miller and the dealer had barely gotten into the carriage when the horse bolted, galloping right into Central Park. "He's a little high-spirited," the dealer yelled.

It was a holiday weekend, and the park was thronged with people. "The horse scattered them in all directions," says Miller. "Cops blew their whistles and kids ran after us yelling 'Hi yo, Silver!'" The horse circled the park, galloped back to the stable and Miller stepped down shakily. "Joe," the dealer told him, "you don't want this animal." "Where'd you get that idea?" Miller replied, wiping his brow. "Joe," the dealer said, "the horse is a sweetheart, but the two of you just don't hit it off."

Then and there Miller decided to concentrate on saddlery, tack and apparel, and let the store's customers get their own horses. Today, as a result, he presides over a merchandising operation on Manhattan's East 24th Street that does a $2 million annual business. "And you know something?" he says happily. "Carriages still sell. One fellow once bought 14, including a four-horse brougham." The customer, Miller adds, was "the Vice King of Phenix City, Ala., and proud of it." Every Sunday morning, weather permitting, he'd load his girls into the carriages and parade them around town. "The fresh air," says Miller, "did wonders for their complexions."

Be this as it may, the bulk of Miller's trade is more traditional. Polo mallets are shipped to Dhahran, Saudi Arabia; electric horse clippers to Holliston, Mass.; super never-rust racking bits to San Antonio. "What's more," Miller points out, "we're continually improving equipment. We've just developed a new sulky wheel that, over the next

continued

Photo [illegible]



PRETTY EQUESTRIENNE IS FITTED FOR PAIR OF JODHPURS BY MILLER'S MARC ELFANT



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Don't be an "if-only" driver



Don't be an "if-only" driver

decade, may bring us a million dollars in orders." Present sulky wheels, he explains, are like bike wheels; they have a dozen or more parts, and every few weeks they must be laboriously taken apart and cleaned. The new wheel has a one-piece hub with a sealed bearing; no involved cleaning is necessary.

"With it all," says Miller, "we're a personal store. Little girls write us chatty letters. 'Dear Mr. Miller,' they'll say, 'Annie that's my horse has a bad cold. Mother thinks she's sweating too much under your 375 Stable Blanket. What do you think?' Or sometimes they'll write, 'Dear Mr. Miller. My horse coughs all the time. Mr. John, the groom, says to give him cod-liver oil. I don't like cod-liver oil myself, and maybe my horse won't. What should I do?' "

A typewritten manuscript was lying on Miller's desk, and he picked it up. "We're even in the literary business," he said. "No publisher would touch a horse book without consulting us first." He flipped through the pages. "Here's the outline of a manual called *Horse Owners' Hoof Care*. It explains how to shoe. Do-it-yourself is getting more and more popular." Finally, Miller paused for breath. "There's nothing the horseman needs," he said flatly, "that we don't have. Go ahead, take a look around."

On Miller's first floor, in the apparel department, signs announced a clearance sale on ladies' felt riding hats (in assorted colors, $2.50) and a special on Helanca stretch-cloth breeches ($50). A spare, spry man in his 50s clambered astride a saddle atop a chest, where he was fitted for a pair of jodhpurs. Waiting to follow him were four young ladies, in graduated sizes, whose mother complained they were all growing out of their jodhpurs together. A crayoned placard on the wall, obviously drawn by an adolescent, reassured her. "Twas the day 'ere the show," it declaimed, "and we *were* in a tizzy. But Miller's products made us all much less busy."

A Miller's representative named Marc Elfant proceeded to display the five-story building's wares. An Argentinian by birth, Elfant is a trim, ebullient man. "We have saddles from England, from Germany, from France," he said. "An expert can tell where a saddle comes from just by glancing at it." He hefted an incredibly light racing saddle. "It only weighs one pound." A small machine with a vacuum-cleaner-type attachment drew his attention. "This is an Electro-Groom. It's excellent for people who have small stables." There were veterinary preparations as well. Miller's Skin Conditioner was the exact color of good bourbon; Chevinal, a vitamin-mineral supplement, contained



LEAD STRAPS FLOW IN ENDLESS STREAM



SADDLE GETS FINAL TOUCH FROM EXPERT

There are just three hotels that still connote fashionable New York.

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Unchanged for over 300 years

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brewer's yeast, wheat germ and skim milk.

"The bulk of our business," said Elfant, "is in English apparel and saddlery. But western accounts for 15%." He pointed toward the racks of western clothing. "Frontier pants, Levis, fringed jackets." An ornamental saddle was selling for $650. "We've sold silver saddles for $10,000. Good silversmiths are hard to find; the saddles are an investment."

Two-thirds of Miller's business is mail-order. "That's why we keep so much stock on hand," said Elfant. He walked over to a box of gleaming white helmets and picked one up. "This is a plastic helmet we developed that's mandatory for exercise boys. It's in the morning at the tracks that most accidents happen—when the boys are working the horses. We also make a variation, a helmet that's covered with velvet, for fox hunting." (A Warrenton, Va. huntswoman who survived a bad spill testifies to the helmet's worth in Miller's catalog. "The horse left the print of her shoe on the velvet," the satisfied customer writes, "but the hat was not even dented.")

Elfant held up two saddles. "See, one has a flat seat for riding saddle-bred horses, the other a deep seat for polo." He gestured toward a box of seat sticks. "The country squire can take his leisure while watching the races." Elfant picked up a combination walking and measuring stick. "The country squire uses it as a cane, and when he wants to know how fast one of his colts is growing he pulls out the measure. One side for centimeters, the other for hands." An old, dusty horse collar was lying in the corner. "Someone will want it," said Elfant, "and we'll dust it off." He unfolded a rectangular piece of hide. "We even have blacksmiths' aprons." Near by was a bent piece of wood that resembled a back-scratcher. "It's a sweat-scraper," Elfant explained.

For years, Miller's has found Army surplus extremely profitable. Fifteen years ago, when the U.S. Cavalry was being disbanded, the store began buying enormous quantities of equipment. Elfant motioned toward a saddlebag. "We bought 6,000 of them. Everyone thought we were crazy. Now we've sold them all, except for a dozen or so we keep as mementoes." He put his hand on a saddle. "This is known as a McClellan saddle. We must have bought 20,000, and sold each of them for $15. Now we've run out." (The original Army saddlebags and saddles are gone, but their popularity is such that Miller's sells modern-day cop-

continued



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and guard against
ATHLETE'S FOOT
with new medicated
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Don't be an "if-only" driver
SEE PAGE ONE

Don't be an "if-only" driver
SEE PAGE ONE

Don't be an "if-only" driver
SEE PAGE ONE

ies. Unfortunately, their prices are also modern-day: they're three times as high.)

Miller's riding-apparel department is run by Jack Miller— Joe's brother. A careful craftsman, Jack sports both a mustache and a beard, and he has definite ideas about riding clothes. "Most people think the looser the better," he says. "That's wrong. Riding clothes must be tight." He put aside his tape measure. "The old English breeches makers used to say, 'If you can get them on, they're too big.' That's not too exaggerated Tight breeches protect against chafing." Moreover, says Miller, riding apparel must be heavy. "It takes quite a beating. The best breeches, for instance, are made of 34-ounce fabric, as compared to the 12-ounce fabric in an ordinary pair of trousers."

The cost of riding clothes, Jack Miller emphasized, is steadily going down. "A pair of custom-made breeches may sell for $150," he said, "but a pair of ready-mades may cost as little as $10." A riding jacket, he added, sold 12 years ago for $75, now, with improved production methods and increased demand, it sells for as little as $30. And a child's hunt cap, which sold for $35, now costs only $13.50. Nonetheless, readymade clothing is not ill-fitting clothing. "Our ready-made breeches," he said, "come in sizes that vary for each inch of waistline. Moreover, they have five inseam lengths."

Basically, Jack Miller explained, there are three types of English riding apparel. One is worn for saddle seat (*e.g.*, horse shows), the second for jumping or hunting, and the third for hacking or park riding. "For saddle seat," said Miller, "you wear a coat and trousers that match or contrast. For informal jumping or hunting, you wear a tweed coat and breeches, for formal jumping or hunting, a black coat and yellow breeches, or the hunting pink. For hacking, you may wear cuff-bottom jodhpurs with a contrasting coat or sweater, and jodhpur shoes." There are, of course, many variations within this framework. "The saddle-seat jodhpur, for instance, has its flair at the bottom, around the ankles. Hunting breeches have their flair at the sides, around the thighs." This is a matter of practicality, as hunting riders use a shorter stirrup than the saddle-seat rider and need more freedom. Hats are equally practical. In saddle seat, an ordinary felt hat can be worn—a porkpie, a fedora, a roller. In hunting, since the rider is in some danger, he wears a hunt cap—a helmet of unbreakable plastic that's covered with velvet—or a hunt derby. Even the stock tie's origin was utilitarian. In an emergency, it could be used as a bandage and fastened with its long gold pin.

It was nearly noon, and Miller's began to crowd with customers. The merits of saddles and blankets and jodhpurs were discussed in quiet, earnest tones. It brought to mind an anecdote Joe Miller had related earlier. One of his favorite customers was a white-haired dowager who visited the store every spring in a chauffeur-driven limousine— with a horse trailer hitched behind. The woman would lead the horse into the store, and he would be fitted for a new outfit. "She was a wonderful person," Miller said. "She always brought me fresh milk and butter from her farm." Only one thing had upset him. A newsman had elaborated on the story a bit, reporting that the woman had *ridden* the horse in. "Naturally," Miller said, "she wouldn't have done that. There's all the difference, you see, between *leading* a horse into a store and *riding* one in." END



MAILROOM HANDLES WORLDWIDE ORDERS

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

ARCHERY—JOE THORNTON, 42-year-old Cherokee Indian from Tulsa, showed the European paleface how to shoot at the world championships in Oslo, Norway. In addition to winning the world title, Thornton set a world single-round record at 90 meters with 271 points and a world championship double-round record at 90 meters with 509 points. NANCY VONDERHEIDE of Cincinnati set a record of 2,173 points to win the women's title over Laurie Fowler of England. A U.S. trio of Thornton, Clayton Sherman and William Bednar won the team championship over Belgium, while Nancy teamed with Grace Frye and Victoria Cook for women's title over England.

BOATING—Canada's MISS SUPERTEST III needed only two heats to beat *Miss Detroit* and sink for another year U.S. hopes of winning back the Harmsworth Trophy. It was the third straight time in the U.S.-Canadian contest that the mahogany-hulled hydro, driven by smiling, somewhat cherubic Bob Hayward, left the U.S. in its wake. While Chuck Thompson gamely struggled with a faulty *Miss Detroit*, which conked out in the first heat and sputtered throughout the second, Hayward piloted *Miss Supertest III* at a comfortable 100 mph in the first race and a moderate 96 mph in the second over the Bay of Quinte course at Picton, Ont.

ZWERVER, 57-foot yacht owned by W.N.H. Van der Vorm and sailed by his son Otto, survived howling winds and mountainous seas to defeat 98 other boats in a gale-swept 605-mile race from Cowes, England around Fastnet Rock to Plymouth on a corrected time of 81 32 03. First in with an elapsed time of 92 58 13 was the 74-foot South African yacht *Stormvogel*. The Admiral's Cup, for which the Fastnet is the fourth and final event, was won by the UNITED STATES.

BOXING—TEDDY WRIGHT of Detroit called in on four days' notice to sub for ex-Welterweight Champion Benny (Kid) Paret, in the second round opened a cut over the left eye of onrushing Don Fullmer, Gene's brother, kept it open until he scored a TKO in the seventh, in a middleweight bout at Madison Square Garden.

CHESS—Sixty-six players from 19 states turned out for the national junior championship in Dayton. Defending champion, and eventual winner, was raisin-eating Robin Ault, 19-year-old Columbia University math senior. Tied at five victories and four draws with Brooklyn's Bernard Zuckerman (six victories, two draws, one defeat), Ault won on a tie-breaking point score of 53½–50. Among the youngsters, the most promising were Ray Fasano, 15, of Red Bank, N.J., who won the under-16 title and placed fourth over-all, and Jeffrey Harris of Philadelphia, who, though only 12, placed 16th.

GOLF—BILLY MAXWELL of Dallas, after shooting a final-round 66 to tie Ted Kroll of Fort Lauderdale, Fla. with a 271, won the $30,000 Insurance City Open in Hartford, Conn. on the 7th hole of a sudden-death playoff with a five-foot birdie putt. LOUISE SUGGS of Atlanta shot a 1-under-par 295 to win her sixth tournament of the year, the $7,500 Kansas City Women's Open, by six strokes under Mickey Wright.

HARNESS RACING—Duke Rodney ($4.50) held off a strong but late bid by Caleb to take by a head the first leg of trotting's triple crown, the $100,330 Yonkers Futurity. With Eddie Wheeler in the sulky, the colt flashed 59 4/5 for the first half mile, then set a world record for 3-year-olds on a half-mile track with a 2.10 3/5 for the 1 1/16 miles.

HORSE RACING—BEAU PRINCE ($10.20) led all the way in the $83,400 Travers at Saratoga to score his second straight stakes victory in two Saturdays—in the first he came from behind to win the American Derby—by a decisive 5½ lengths over Mrs. Robert Dotter's Guadalcanal. This time Jockey Steve Brooks let the Calumet colt, considered a come-from-behind horse, set his own pace, which turned out to be a sprightly 2.03 for the 1¼ miles.

INTERNATIONAL GAMES—With a strong showing in track, basketball and swimming, the UNITED STATES won 14 gold medals at the ninth Games for the Deaf in Helsinki, Finland. Deotis Goodwin of Gary, Ind. finished first in the 100 meters in 11.1, James Macladden of Hollywood won the 200 meters in 22.8 and Paul Adams of Bluefield, W. Va. took the 400 meters in 50.4. All three ran on the U.S. relay teams that set records in the 400 meters (43.4), 1,500 meters (3:21.2) and 1,600 meters (3:23). Tom Ripic of Endicott, N.Y. won the discus with a toss of 136 feet 2¼ inches. In swimming, Donald Morris of Birmingham, Mich. took the springboard diving and Nancy Mahoney of Rochester won the 100-meter backstroke in 1:31.5. The U.S. basketball team defeated Finland 91–43 for a gold medal.

MOTORCYCLING—CARROLL RESWEBER of Cedarburg, Wis. roared around the Watkins Glen (N.Y.) track at an average 83 mph, won the 150-mile national championship of the American Motorcycle Association by more than a minute and a half over Bart Markel of Flint, Mich.

SHOOTING—In a tight finish VICTOR AUER of Sherman Oaks, Calif. edged out Joe Steffey of Paris, Ill. by one point (4,784 to 4,783) to win the national small-bore rifle championship at Camp Perry, Ohio. Third, only one point behind Steffey, was Ransford D. Triggs of Madison, N.J., the 1941 champion.

SOARING—ANDREW J. SMITH, 37-year-old architect from Tecumseh, Mich., collected 4,564 points over 10 days to glide off with the national title in Wichita, Kans. on the final day. Runner-up was William Ivans Jr. of San Diego with 4,345 points.

SWIMMING—Upsets abounded and records toppled at the women's national AAU outdoor championships in Philadelphia *(see page 48)*. The winners: Carolyn House, the 220-, 400- and 1,500-meter freestyles in 2:18.9, 4:52.3, and 19:46.3; Nina Harmar, the 100- and 200-meter backstroke in 1:11 and 2:35.2; Donna de Varona, 400-meter individual medley in 5:34.5, a world record and the 200-meter individual medley; Robyn Johnson, 100-meter freestyle in 1:03.2; Dale Barnhard, 100-meter breaststroke in 1:22.6; Jean Delleckamp, 200-meter breaststroke in 2:56.7; Susan Doerr, 100-meter butterfly in 1:08.2 for world record; Becky Collins, 200-meter butterfly in 2:32.8 for a world record. The Vesper Boat Club of Philadelphia won both the 400-meter freestyle relay (4:17) and the 400-meter medley relay (4:50.3), as well as the team title, by 26½ points over Los Angeles. Linda Cooper took the junior platform title. Joel Dina Lenzi the 3-meter dive and Barbara McAlister the 10-meter platform dive.

TENNIS—CHUCK McKINLEY, Wimbledon runner-up last month, captured his first major U.S. title by defeating his Trinity University teammate Frank Froehling in straight sets 6–3, 6–4, 6–2 to win the eastern grass court championship in South Orange, N.J. KAREN HANTZE easily defended her women's title with a 6–2, 6–4 victory over Germany's Edda Buding. MARGARET OSBORNE DU PONT and MARGARET VARNER of Wilmington, Del. defeated Hantze and Billie Jean Moffitt 6–4, 2–6, 6–2 for the women's doubles title, while DONALD DELL of Bethesda, Md. teamed with BILL BOND of La Jolla, Calif. to beat Crawford Henry and Eugene Scott 6–4, 10–12, 6–4, 6–3 for the men's doubles title. MIKE BELKIN, 16, of Miami Beach, twice down to match point, fought back to win the junior boys' title 6–0, 6–2, 4–6, 2–6, 7–5 over Dave Reed at the international junior championship in East Lansing, Mich. SHARON PRITULA of Detroit scored an easy 6–2, 6–1 victory over Leora Trice for the girls' junior title. STEPHANIE DE FINA of Hollywood, Fla. upset first-seeded Jane Albert 6–4, 7–5 in the girls' 15-and-under, and JEFF BROWN of Carmichael, Calif. won the 15-and-under boys' title with a 6–3, 9–7 triumph over Tom Karp.

TRACK & FIELD—In a continuing tour of Scandinavian countries, JIM BEATTY turned in a new American record and the fastest 1,500 meters of the year with a 3:40.2, FRANK BUDD ran 100 yards in 9.3, only 1/10 second off his pending world record. Farther south, in Frankfurt, Germany, U.S. Field Star JAY SILVESTER of Tremonton, Utah tossed the discus 198 feet 8¼ inches to beat the world record by more than two feet. ZDZISLAW KRZYSZKOWIAK, the Pole, running the 3,000-meter steeplechase at Walcz, Poland, broke another world record with a time of 8:30.4.

MILEPOSTS—FIRED FRANK DASCOLI, 48, controversial National League umpire since 1948, by League President Warren C. Giles in Cincinnati, for allegedly making critical remarks about Giles. In a recent poll by *The Sporting News*, Dascoli was voted by sportswriters as "most serious-minded" and by the coaches and managers as "most sarcastic," by both as the "biggest grandstander."

DIED SIR VICTOR SASSOON, 79, British banker, merchant king of a vast Far Eastern financial empire and a leading race-horse owner, in Nassau. Sir Victor, who first started his stable, Eve Stud, in 1923, won nearly all of Britain's major races over the years, including the English Derby in 1953, '57, '58 and '59.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

6—A.P., Walter Kraut Cincinnati Post & Times Star, Anderson & Cole, Ivan Flye Portland Press Herald, Morris Rosenfeld, 12, 13—Robert Huntzinger, Hans Schorlmon 14, 15—Ralph Crane-LIFE 38—Howard Swift Des Moines Register, 46—Hans Knopf Pix 49—James Drake 51, 52—William A. Kuenzel Detroit News 55—Wide World 56—Detroit News 60—A.P. 61—Art Rickerby Pix 64—William H. Mortimer

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF



YOUNG AND OLD winners were left-handers Ray Sadecki (20) of Cards, Billy Pierce (34) of White Sox. Both had two complete-game wins.

A strong bench is a prerequisite for a pennant winner, which is one reason why Milwaukee is not doing as well as expected. The Braves' bench is hitting just .165, and Charley Dressen is unhappy. Johnny Keane of St. Louis and Fred Hutchinson of Cincinnati, though, are pleased with theirs. Since Keane took over the Cardinals six weeks ago, his pinch batters have hit .373. Hutchinson can smile because he has Jerry Lynch. This season Lynch has pinch hit .459 (17 for 37), has 23 RBIs and five homers—one short of the major league record. His AL counterpart is 41-year-old Dave Philley of Baltimore, whose 21st pinch hit last week put him within two of a new major league high. Lynch and Philley, however, are not the only successful practitioners of this art. Last week Gene Green, the regular Washington catcher for much of the year, was benched because of four passed balls in two games. This made him available in a pinch, and he hit a grand slam home run to beat New York 5–1. That was the 39th pinch homer in the AL, far surpassing the 1953 record of 29. There have been 27 hit in the NL, 15 short of the 1958 high.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

The young and the old, the big and the small, they all combined to put **Los Angeles** (18–3 the past four weeks) in front. Frank Howard, age 25, weight 245, batted .438 as the Dodgers took four in a row. Oldtimer Duke Snider, 34, and Wally Moon, 31, hit .455 and .412, respectively, and 155-pound Maury Wills batted .500. **Cincinnati**'s Frank Robinson virtually stopped hitting (.207 BA) and the Reds lost five of seven. **San Francisco**'s Matty Alou hit .412, had two game-winning homers and took the right-field job away from brother Felipe. Reliever Stu Miller came in against Milwaukee with two out in the ninth and the potential tying and winning runs on base. Junkball-thrower Miller ran the count to 3–2 on Frank Bolling, then so stunned him by throwing his "Hummer," *i.e.*, fast ball, that he struck him out. The highlight of the week came when **Milwaukee**'s Warren Spahn beat Chicago 2–1 for the 300th win of his career, but the Braves still lost three, won two. **St. Louis**'s Bob Gibson, Larry Jackson, Lindy McDaniel and Curt Simmons each won once and Ray Sadecki got two wins to put the Cardinals over .500 for the first time since April. Good pitching by Bob Friend and Vinegar Bend Mizell, who each had a shutout and two wins, got **Pittsburgh** up to .500. **Chicago**, meanwhile, rested securely in seventh place after five losses. Worse yet were the **Philadelphia Phillies**, who set a team record of 15 consecutive defeats. They hit .199 and had a ladylike .357 slugging average, but they did get into the best brawl of the year, with the Pirates. Although unscathed, Philadelphia's Clay Dalrymple was as deeply hurt as anyone. "I had just slid into second with a magnificent hook slide, the best of my career, the peak of the season," Dalrymple said. "I'm lying there expecting cheers, but nobody even noticed."

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Twenty-one of 38 games were decided by one run, and **New York** won three of those. Whitey Ford became the first 20-game winner and, in all, the Yankees were 7–1 and doubled their lead over **Detroit** to three games. The Tigers continued to rely on Jim Bunning, Don Mossi—who both won twice—and Frank Lary, who got his 16th win. They realized, though, that their chance for the pennant will come in September, when they meet the Yankees seven times. **Baltimore** met the Athletics five times, got shutouts from Steve Barber (his sixth) and Milt Pappas but lost two of three one-run games. Jackie Brandt hit .429 and came up with a fast-thinking defensive maneuver. A single by Kansas City's Leo Posada got past Center Fielder Brandt, but he went through the motions of fielding the ball and throwing to second base. By the time Posada figured out Brandt's pantomime, Right Fielder Whitey Herzog had retrieved the ball, and it was too late to go to second. **Cleveland**'s Jimmy Piersall also did the unexpected, stealing third in the eighth inning against the Angels. He then scored the winning run on a sacrifice fly. Even more novel was the Indians' scoreboard. Following each Indian home run, flames erupted from the scoreboard, spotlights etched weird patterns in the sky, fireworks exploded, banners waved and trumpets sounded. **Chicago**'s well-equipped scoreboard celebrated just five White Sox homers, but four helped win games. **Boston** scrambled to within two games of fifth-place Chicago, then fell back by losing twice in Baltimore. That gave the Red Sox an 18-38 road record. After three weeks on the road the **Washington Senators** came home and Dick Donovan beat the Yankees to snap a seven-game losing streak and move Washington back to seventh place. Ryne Duren's first complete game of his five-year career was a shutout, which ended a five-game losing string and moved **Los Angeles** up to eighth. And Camilo Pascual's win halted yet a third winless streak—eight games by **Minnesota**. The Twins played nine straight one-run games and lost seven. **Kansas City** split six one-run games but dropped three others as the Athletics scored an average of just 1.17 runs in their six defeats.

TEAM LEADERS: BATTING

NATIONAL LEAGUE

		SB		HP		SF
LA	Wills	23	W Davis	5	Roseboro	4
Cin	Robinson	18	Robinson	9	Robinson	8
SF	Mays	14	Cepeda	6	Kuenn	6
Mil	Aaron	17	Thomas	6	McMillan	7
StL	Boyer	8	Cunningham	11	White	5
Pitt	2 with	3	2 with	4	Mazeroski	6
Chi	Altman	6	Bouchee	4	2 with	4
Phil	Gonzalez	11	Gonzalez	6	Callison	4

AMERICAN LEAGUE

NY	Mantle	10	Skowron	7	Maris	5
Det	Wood	21	Cash	8	Colavito	6
Balt	Brandt	7	Gentile	8	B Robinson	7
Clev	Temple	8	Romano	4	Power	11
Chi	Aparicio	39	Minoso	11	Minoso	9
Bos	Geiger	11	Geiger	3	2 with	5
Wash	Hinton	12	O'Connell	3	Long	4
LA	Hunt	6	Hunt	4	Wagner	6
Minn	Versalles	13	Green	4	Allison	6
KC	Howser	28	Howser	4	Posada	9

TEAM LEADERS: PITCHING

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	HRs Off		HB		Hits Off	
LA	Craig	18	Drysdale	16	Drysdale	151
Cin	Purkey	22	Hunt	6	Purkey	193
SF	McCormick	24	Jones	8	Marichal	143
Mil	Burdette	22	Buhl	5	Burdette	191
StL	Sadecki	18	Gibson	5	Simmons	153
Pitt	Friend	15	Shantz	4	Friend	200
Chi	Hobbie	24	Hobbie	6	Hobbie	188
Phil	Mahaffey	21	2 with	5	Mahaffey	158

AMERICAN LEAGUE

NY	Ford	19	Coates	5	Ford	171
Det	Foytack	21	Bunning	6	Lary	185
Balt	Estrada	16	Estrada	8	Fisher	150
Clev	Bell	23	Latman	5	Perry	156
Chi	Herbert	25	3 with	2	Herbert	189
Bos	Conley	25	2 with	3	Monbouquette	158
Wash	McClain	15	Daniels	4	McClain	168
LA	McBride	21	2 with	5	McBride	161
Minn	Ramos	29	Kaat	9	Ramos	199
KC	Shaw	18	Walker	5	Shaw	186

Boxed statistics through Saturday, August 12

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

INDIAN WAR

Sirs:

If major league baseball moves out of Cleveland to San Diego (SCORECARD, Aug. 7), it will be the biggest farce in the history of money-hungry baseball-club owners. If Cleveland, with the biggest stadium in the league and largest season attendance in history, is *not* a major league city, you name one. You might as well move the Yankees to Glendale (to join Casey)!

DONALD P. SMITH, M.D.

New Monmouth, N.J.

Sirs:

The San Francisco Bay area has always wanted a first-class (no Angels for us, please) American League team. As the Giants have been accepted here, so the Indians will also be accepted, only with even greater pleasure.

ARTHUR WANG

Berkeley, Calif.

Sirs:

What in the world do *you* know about the possible moving and relocation of the Cleveland Indians? You spend so much time and space covering the various New York Yankee superstars that I consider it rather presumptuous of you to write about the asinine rumors flying around other teams.

In the future just stick to writing about areas you know something about—the Yankees and such major sports as food, sightseeing and chess.

JAMIE ROBINSON

Chagrin Falls, Ohio

FORTHRIGHT FANS

Sirs:

Thanks for writing something about Lisa Lane (*Queen of Knights and Pawns*, Aug. 7) and the greatest game ever devised by man, chess.

ROBERT L. NELSON

Compton, Calif.

Sirs:

Thanks from all of us for the superb article on Lisa Lane, the biggest publicity break ever for chess!

JERRY SPANN
Vice-President, Fédération Internationale des Échecs

Oklahoma City

Sirs:

I like SPORTS ILLUSTRATED because it is decisive. But the one article I didn't agree with was *Nobody Likes the Dodgers* (Aug. 14) by Jim Brosnan (who, by the way, is slightly prejudiced). You tell Jim that I like the Dodgers. Also tell him that baseball is not a popularity contest.

ROBERT WILSON

Richmond

HEY, UMP!

Sirs:

As one who frequently does not see eye to eye with the umpire, let me say that the



UMP AS CAUGHT BY CAMERA, CRITICS

"gentleman in blue" on your cover (July 31) is typical. He is calling the play with his eyes closed!

I knew it all the time.

J. B. THOMAS

Columbia, Tenn.

Sirs:

A very clear and colorful picture, but could you explain to me how the umpire's right arm grew a left hand?

HUGH WINIG

Trenton, N.J.

• The right hand didn't know what the left hand was doing—to the picture, that is.—ED.

Sirs:

I'd sure like to see this cooky calling balls and strikes behind the plate. Come to think of it—I think I have.

JOHN KENNEDY, D.D.S.

Reseda, Calif.

BATTLEGROUND

EXCELLENT STORY BY FURLONG ON FULLMER-FERNANDEZ FIGHT (A Losing Look in a Winning Fight, Aug. 14). BUT ISN'T ONE OF THE BASIC RULES OF GOOD JOURNALISM TO TELL "WHERE"? WHAT HAPPENED TO OGDEN, UTAH?

BERNIE R. DIAMOND
MANAGER, CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

OGDEN, UTAH

SCORE'S SCORE

Sirs:

Herb had all the greatness of a Walter Johnson and a Dizzy Dean until that unfortunate incident tarnished his quest for equal recognition (*The Private Ordeal of Herb Score*, Aug. 7). You have paid great tribute to a gracious young ballplayer who by all means should be embittered against the very art that he served so well.

RICHARD WATSON

Key West, Fla.

Sirs:

Watched one of the better ball games of my life last night (Aug. 2)—Herb Score went all the way against Spokane, 7–2. There were no hits off Score until the seventh. The total: 6 strikeouts, 4 hits, 3 walks.

Was Herb wild? No, but the fans were.

JOHN H. STEINEMANN

San Diego

OH, FUDGE!

Sirs:

In his article on Herb Score, Jack Olsen referred to the "all-purpose four-letter words" being used "whenever soldiers and ballplayers get together in their underclothes." I have just completed a tour of duty with the U.S. Army as an officer, and I also was a varsity athlete at the University of Pittsburgh for three years. I feel your statement casts a distasteful light on both soldiers and athletes, which would include myself in both cases.

It's a darn shame you stooped so low.

JAMES M. DONAHUE

Pittsburgh

PLACE COLLECTORS

Sirs:

Your park ranger, Don Moser, underestimates the capabilities of the camera to capture the scene (*Ah, Wilderness! Your Joys Are Wasted*, Aug. 7). I treasure my movies of the parks more than any incidental facts provided by rangers.

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Beaver Falls, Pa.

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Sirs:

Don Moser has the American Place Collector well-pegged. As a ranger at the entrance to Sequoia National Park, I notice an increasing number of visitors who ask, "How long does it take?" Partly to blame for this are scheduled vacations. The automobile clubs and oil companies furnish maps to their customers with little green lines drawn through as many points of interest as possible. Consequently the tourist doesn't have time to visit Crescent Meadow, Moro Rock or Crystal Cave because he is "behind schedule" and still has to drive through Yosemite in the afternoon.

K. B. SEYDEL

Three Rivers, Calif.

PLEASURE FLYING

Sirs:

It was with considerable dismay that I read *Rendezvous with an Unknown Field* (July 31). It seemed misplaced in your fine publication. You have distorted the true picture of private flying. You have scared your readers.

Any magazine can write a scare story. No—not SPORTS ILLUSTRATED!

RICHARD D. RAYMOND

Strafford, Pa.

● To conceal the risks of flying is as misleading as to say that no swimmer ever drowns. Pilot Knauth believes that any aspirant to flight should know its dangers as well as its rewards, and he has yet to find an experienced flier who will not admit to having sometimes been afraid.—ED.

Sirs:

As a private pilot since 1941, I certainly enjoyed Percy Knauth's story. It brought to mind one of Edgar Bergen's inimitable cracks: "Flying is safe but eventful!" And it recalled from my own experiences not a few sweaty incidents. Perhaps one of the most memorable joys of flying is that feeling of being solidly on ground again. At any rate, there's nothing like flying for keeping you young!

GEORGE V. CAESAR

Harbor Beach, Mich.

SKIING: POTENT AND POOR

Sirs:

I have been appalled by the lack of knowledge among the sportsmen of this country concerning the Fédération Internationale de Ski championship to be held at Chamonix, France, next winter (Feb. 18–25) and its importance in world skiing. This FIS championship, which is held every four years, probably means more to the European winter sports enthusiast than the Olympics, yet here in the U.S. very few people, including the average skiing enthusiasts, are even aware this great world event exists.

At present the U.S. FIS team is in a very sad financial position because of this lack of knowledge. Fifty-five thousand dollars is needed to send only a skeleton team—not even considering a full-fledged squad—to Europe this next year, and in the last nine months only about $10,000 of this has been raised.

As I am writing this, 40 track athletes have been sent to Europe to compete, not particularly for any world's championship, but just for meets with other countries. My guess is that the expense of this trip is around $88,000 to $100,000. Where does this money come from? And why is it available at this time to track when teams of other sports need financial backing for a world's championship?

Three years from now, when the Olympic winter sports events will again be held, the U.S. can have the finest ski team it has ever had, *if* European training and competition can be obtained this year and next year. Never have we had as high a caliber of skier in the U.S. as now. Thus it is essential to have an organized group this winter in Europe competing officially and gaining valuable experience for the future.

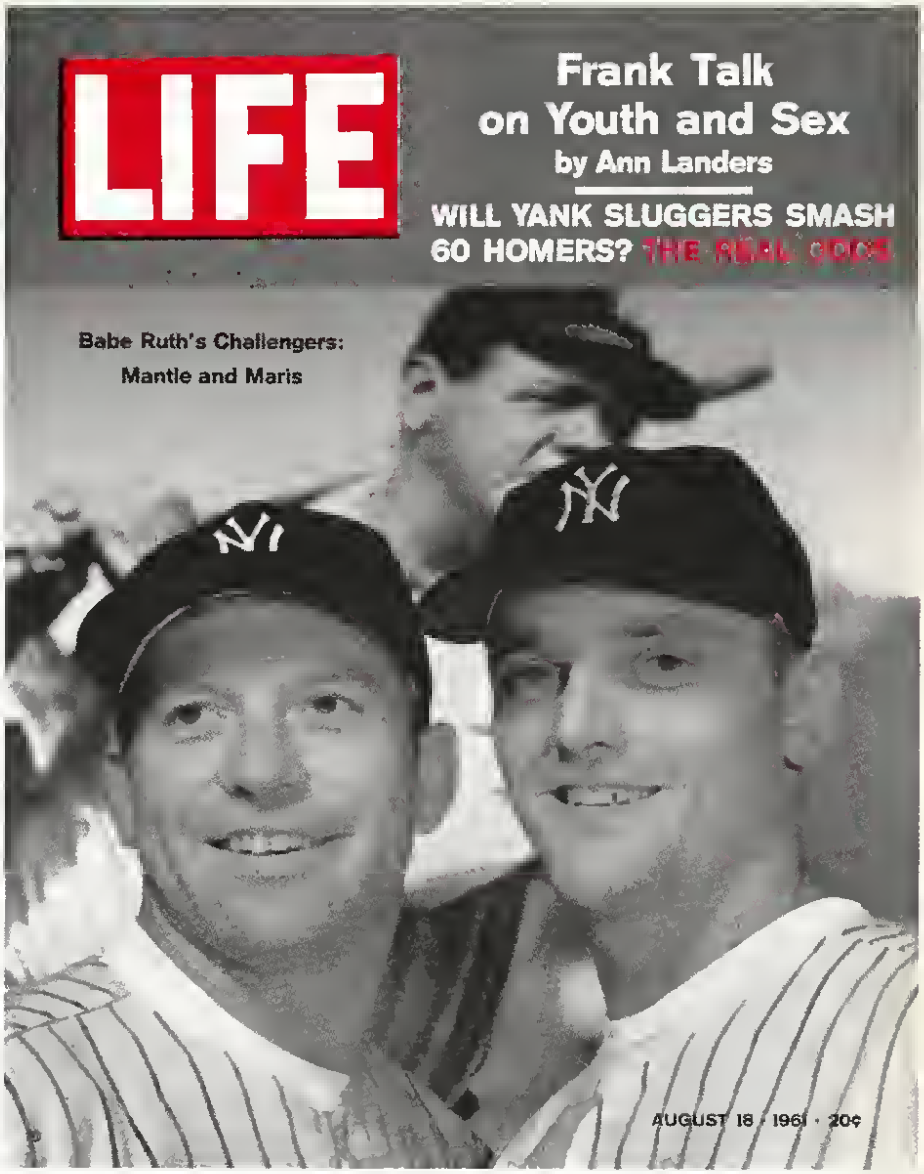
WILLIAM P. CLOUGH JR., M.D.
Director, Eastern Amateur Ski Assn.
New London, N.H.

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SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE & CORRESPONDENCE Charles A. Adams, General Manager. Mail subscription orders, correspondence and instructions for change of address to: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 540 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois. Change of address requires three weeks' notice. Please name magazine and furnish address label from a recent issue, or state exactly how magazine is addressed. Include postal zone number. Change requires old as well as new address.

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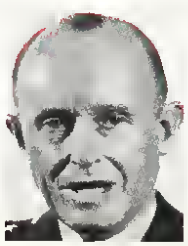


A world of human experience is yours to share in LIFE this week. Here's tension; as Maris and Mantle battle each other and the immortal shade of Babe Ruth in their pursuit of baseball's jackpot. Here's surprise; as Bobby Kennedy tours the African hinterlands in top hat and tails. Here's beauty; in color reproductions of the greatest work of Chinese artists. Here's wisdom; as Ann Landers cautions teen-agers on sex. Here's exposé; as an ex-Communist spy tells what a breeze it is to pry loose U.S. defense secrets. It's all in LIFE, a great magazine of the human experience.

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PAT ON THE BACK



CHARLES MOYLAN

His Honor the slugger

Once a thriving pastime, sandlot baseball lives a precarious existence today in the limbo between the ultraorganized rah-rah of the Little League and the IBM efficiency of the majors. That it exists at all is a tribute to men like Judge Charles Moylan, sponsor and No. 1 rooter for the Ijamsville (Md.) Bush Creekers, who this year managed to find enough good ballplayers in their tiny town (pop. 120) to win their ninth Maryland and State League pennant.

As a Supreme Bench judge in nearby Baltimore, Moylan is "alarmed at what's happening to kids," sees baseball as "the greatest builder of character and community spirit," and not only for toddlers and pros. "I tell the boys who come before me to get out of those cars and hangouts and onto the diamond," says the judge. No mere dilettante, His Honor batted .478 for his favorite team 40 years ago, and doesn't mind reminding people of his feat. "It surprises them," he says. "People don't think that old gray-haired judges were ever human."



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